

ERMA O. GODBEY: PIONEERING IN BOULDER CITY, NEVADA

Interviewee: Erma O. Godbey

Interviewed: 1966

Published: 1967

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #015

Description

Erma O. Godbey was born in 1905 in Colorado, and she spent her early years in the Colorado mining camp of Silverton. After her marriage to Thomas Godbey, she lived in a number of other mining towns, arriving finally in Boulder City, Nevada. At that time, the Boulder Canyon Project was just getting underway, and the Godbeys became identified with the area as a pioneering family. Mrs. Godbey was the first permanent woman resident of the new town of Boulder City. She thus had the unique position of observing Boulder City's development from its beginning.

Erma Godbey's memoir contains accounts of life in Colorado; the growth and development of Boulder City, Nevada; anecdotes of public service work in the southern Nevada area; and a discussion of Thomas Godbey's political activities as a Nevada legislator.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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Printed in the United States of America

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Erma O. Godbey is a native of Colorado. She spent her early years there, in the mining camp of Silverton. After her marriage to Thomas Godbey, she lived in a number of other mining towns, arriving finally in Boulder City, Nevada. At that time, the Boulder Canyon Project was just getting underway, and the Godbeys became identified with the area as a pioneering family. Mrs. Godbey was the first permanent woman resident of the new town of Boulder City, Nevada.

Mrs. Godbey was invited to participate in the Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies because of her unique position in observing Boulder City's development from its beginning. She accepted the invitation readily, and was a cooperative interviewee and a gracious hostess through the three sessions, March 7, 8, and 9, 1966. The memoir contains accounts of life in Colorado, the growth and development of Boulder City, Nevada, anecdotes of public service work in the southern Nevada area, and a discussion of Thomas Godbey's political activities as a Nevada legislator.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape-recording memoirs of persons who have played important roles in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from Erma Godbey's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1967

MY EARLY DAYS IN SILVERTON, COLORADO

My paternal grandparents were Uriah Drumm and Martha McFalls. They were tobacco tanners in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. My grandfather Drumm was killed in the Civil War at the second battle of Manassas. My father was just a baby at this time, the youngest of twelve children. After Grandfather died, Grandmother had an awfully hard time with the farm and it went into litigation.

All the older children began to go out on their own. Some of them got married, and some went to work. Then when my father was five, his mother's health was failing, and his older brothers didn't feel like taking care of him. So when he was eight, my grandmother bound him out to a dairy fanner, and he was to stay with this dairy fanner until he was sixteen. Grandmother died when he was about nine or ten, just soon after she bound him out.

Then, although this dairy fanner was good to him and all, he didn't stay to finish his period of being a bondman. He left and came west when he was about fourteen or fifteen;

he just worked his way west with teams and things like that. Then he became a lumberjack, and worked in the logging camps. Later he became a millwright.

Now, I'll tell about my mother's side of the family. My mother's father, Thomas Milton Morris, went to California in the Gold Rush of '59 (not '49). His mother and her mother's sister and her grandmother were all in Missouri. Great-grandmother was a nurse and the two daughters, my grandmother and her sister, were schoolteachers. They worked quite a bit with the "underground" of the slaves coming through. They nursed those that were sick and taught those that were not sick. So they helped with that smuggling.

After the Civil War, Grandfather Morris decided to go back and marry his sweetheart, and he went down the coast of California. There were so many highwaymen in those days, especially preying on men who were coming back from California, that he was afraid to go cross-country. So he went down the coast of California and across the Isthmus at Tehuantepec and up through Texas and

on up into Missouri. There, he married my grandmother, who was Samantha Monroe. They lived there in Missouri just a little while and moved on to Texas. They had a farm there with cattle, and they raised sweet potatoes and all kinds of things like that.

In 1880, Grandfather Morris decided to go further west and he, in some way, got a line-up on some land that some family hadn't quite proved up on. He could get it and finish the initial proving up on the homestead, so they started to Colorado. Mother, by that time, was eleven years old. Her little brother had died with membranous croup and there were two little sisters, Clara and May. Clara was about seven and May, four-and-a-half at this time. My mother and Grandfather drove cattle and Grandmother drove the team with the babies in the wagon. They had a pretty rough trip—Indian fights and all and cooked their meals over the campfire. They used buffalo chips to build a campfire because, on the prairie, there was not much of anything except grass, and you couldn't use that to build a fire very well.

When they got to Alamosa, Colorado, here's where some old crooks come in. There were some men that told Grandfather that where he was going there wasn't any grass, that the grass wouldn't support his cattle. So after they had driven them all that way, Grandfather sold all but a few of them, just for practically nothing to this man there. Alamosa, Colorado, was, at this time, the end of the railroad.

So, they went on their way to Mancos, Colorado, and they took up a homestead and, of course, built their log cabin and settled down there. Grandmother was the fifth white woman in the valley. There were probably about thirty men, but, in those days there were few women in the west. Of course, they had to grub sagebrush and everything like all the westerners did. Mama being the oldest,

always had to be Grandpa's "boy" so she had to get out and work just like a boy would and help cut the fenceposts and everything. It was so far to go for their supplies—they had to go clear to Alamosa—and there were no roads—they had to ford streams and everything—it would usually take anywhere from a month and a half to three months to make a trip for supplies to Alamosa.

One time when Grandfather was gone for supplies, Mama was out by the woodpile and a group of young Indian braves just came riding by—I think they were Navahos—and there were about six of them. So they decided she was going to sharpen their knives on the grindstone. She started to sharpen their knives and when she'd get tired and try to run, they'd grab her and act like they were going to cut her throat. So she'd go back and then they'd laugh. They thought it was great—making her sharpen their knives. Then, all of a sudden, instead of making a run for the house like she'd been trying to do before, she saw the double-bitted axe on the woodpile and she made a dash for it and grabbed it. Then, she just came back and ran for the house and scattered them, and they all just jumped on their horses and they ran off, just laughing.

Of course, in the meantime, Grandmother had the other children in the house and she was scared, but she was calling to Mama, trying to get her to break away and come. They had heard Grandmother call my mother—Lina was my mother's name—but they couldn't say Lina, they said Launa, so they told it all through the Indian villages and everything that "little white squaw heap much fight."

Then, another time when Grandfather was gone, some Indians came to the house again. By this time, Mama was about sixteen, and Clara must have been around thirteen. Mama was chopping cabbage in a great, big

wooden bowl with one of those old-fashioned choppers, and one of the young bucks just came and stood right there inside the house. He came over and he started teasing her and he'd stick his hand under the chopper. She would tell him to take it out and he would stick his hand under, and finally, she chopped his hand and he went for his knife. Aunt Clara stuck Grandfather's big, old shotgun right in his belly. Well, the others took him and they went off.

It wasn't long after that incident when the chief of them—evidently his son was in this bunch—came to Grandpa and he wanted to give him 200 horses and a whole batch of sheep if Mama would marry his son. Well, of course, Grandpa was really upset about such a thing as that and told him to get out of there, that his daughter wasn't going to marry any Indian. I can remember as long as my mother lived, she always said an Indian was as good as a coyote and a dead Indian was the only good one. So those are things that happened. However, the Indians never did really hurt the family, but they did come by like that.

The Wetherill boys were out hunting for wild horses and they found Mesa Verde—the ruins of Mesa Verde. Later on, my Aunt May, who was the youngest of Mother's sisters, married a sheep man whose name was Arthur Ames. He had used Navaho and Ute herders and he understood both Navaho and Ute language. He, one time, bought up a whole lot of sheep and he took them back to (this was after the railroad had gotten in to Mancos) Kansas City on the railroad to sell. He was going to sell them and take a chance on making a profit on them, but he had guaranteed all these sheep men so much money per head. Well, when he got to Kansas City, the stockyard had blackleg and so he wasn't allowed to unload the sheep. He had to negotiate then for a train to bring them back

and clear the sidings. By the time he got them back into Colorado to an area where they would be allowed to be unloaded (because cattlemen wouldn't allow sheep on their land) many of them had died of starvation and lack of water. Uncle Arthur was always such a tenderhearted man, it just nearly killed him, besides ruining him financially.

After that, he went down to Towaoc, which was an Indian reservation and he taught the Indians—there were Navahos, Utes, and one or two Blackfeet. He was teaching them herding and some agriculture and my aunt was cooking for the other men that were working with the Indians. She also had some Indian women in the kitchen with her and she taught them some domestic sciences and canning. After that, Uncle Arthur became the Government Sheep Inspector for the four corner states, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico. He would oversee all the dipping of the sheep and things like that.

But in between the time he had helped these people learn better ways of doing things, they were beginning to open up Mesa Verde, but there was no road. So, as he could talk Navaho and Ute, he had Navaho and Ute workers and worked on the building of a road to Mesa Verde from the Cortez side.

Uncle Arthur, in his travels with his sheep and different things up and down McElmo Canyon, ran on to quite a lot of Indian artifacts. There were the mound people down in this area, close to where McElmo River empties into the San Juan River. At the base of a cliff, which they called Battle Mountain, he found just hundreds of bones of people. There were men, women, and children. Of course, they figure that all of these jumped off the cliff, rather than be taken prisoner by some other tribe at some time. Also in that area, he found a very large skeleton. Now, most of these people were rather small,

but this skeleton was over seven feet long and he managed to get it all. It hadn't been pulled apart by wild animals or anything and that he sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. The mound people buried their dead usually in the birth position and they put their babies in earthen jars with a sealed-on lid.

Going back to the Mesa Verde story—this is something that is very interesting. Dr. Nordenskold of Norway and the Crown Prince of Sweden were in the Mesa Verde area several summers and they took back a large group of artifacts that the Wetherill brothers had found. These were found long before the park Mesa Verde had been made a national park. These artifacts they took back and they put them in the Helsinki museum in Finland. A forest ranger, Roger Busted, was working at that time to try to get the area declared a national park because he was afraid that all the artifacts would be taken out of it before there were any real scientists there to catalogue how they'd found them and everything.

An interesting thing about these artifacts that were in that Helsinki museum after World War I, when Finland was paying back her debt to the United States, she wanted to send back some of these artifacts as part of the debt. The United States didn't want to accept them because they had no records of exactly where they were found or anything about them, and they felt that they would do very little good. But, if you remember, after World War I, Finland was the only European country that paid all of its reparations.

Grandfather was the first judge of Montezuma County, and he named the county seat Cortez. Then, my mother married a young cowpuncher by the name of Jesse Nash and Grandfather didn't approve of the marriage, so they ran away and he decided to

disown her. After several years of her husband being a cowpuncher, he had accumulated quite a few horses. By that time, the mining towns were getting started and they needed a lot of teamsters and freighters, so he went into the freighting business and that's how my mother came to be in Silverton, Colorado, where I was born. She and Jesse Nash were divorced and she was a widow for five years, when my father came to Silverton as a millwright. They were married in 1904, on my father's forty-fourth birthday.

As I said before, the women were scarce in the mining communities, as well as in the farming communities of the old west, so there were about three men courting Mama at the time, and she just kind of watched them to see how they got along with her three little girls. My father seemed to get along the best with them, so she decided that he would be the man that she would marry. He was always a very good stepfather to my three half-sisters.

My oldest half-sister, Alice Nash—I call her Allie—was thirteen when they were married, and she baked the wedding cake. It was quite a production, from what I hear, because in those days they didn't have egg beaters or anything and the egg whites had to be beaten with a whisk. She made frosting and she used beet juice to color the syrup pink and made some decorations on it with a toothpick and the pink syrup; so it was quite a production.

In those days, all the girls learned to sew real well and my sister was a very good seamstress. Later, she was an apprentice to a seamstress, but she was only going on fourteen then. She was fourteen when I was born and she made quite a few of my baby clothes. The half-sister younger than Allie was named Corinne. She was just mainly a tomboy. The younger half-sister, Euterpe, was just a little

girl, but she was always very jealous of me because people teased her about her nose being out of joint when I came along. I was about the most spoiled baby there ever was. Papa just thought I was “some punkins,” you see, so he was always getting pictures taken.

In those days, every time a photographer showed up in town—and they’d show up every once in a while—why, Papa always had to have a picture taken of the baby, of Mama and of him.

In those days, too, the women wore these great, big picture hats and the high pompadours and, although my mother had all kinds of hair—she had the longest hair and heavy hair—she had still had to wear a great, big rat to make the high pompadour.

Also in those days they thought when a woman was pregnant, she should read good books and then her child would be intellectual. So Mama, of course, always read these good books and all of our names prove it. Before my sister Terpie was born, she read Greek mythology and so the name Euterpe is after the goddess of harmony. Then when I was born, she had just read “Under Two Flags,” which was written by a Frenchwoman during the Franco-Prussian war by the name of Ouida, so my middle name is Ouida. I had a younger sister, Lina Acte Drumm. Mama had read “Quo Vadis,” which was all about Rome and Nero burning Rome, Acte was Nero Caesar’s second wife. So you see, we all had these fancy names.

My little sister, Lina, was just a darling baby, but when she was 17 1/2 months old, she died of telescoping of the bowels. At the time, no one could diagnose it, and her death was very violent with convulsions. Now, they can give relaxant drugs to stop it from happening and perform an operation, but, at that time, there was nothing that could

be done. Well, the whole family was just absolutely devastated when little Lina died.

When I was about four, I was playing with the boy next door and we were jumping in the seat of a wagon. We were playing that the Indians were chasing us and all of a sudden, the spring in the seat was just too springy and I turned a flip-flop and landed in the bottom of the wagon. I hit my head on this steel in the bottom of the wagon. I was unconscious for forty minutes. Mother picked me up and brought me in. She thought I was dead.

Well, after I recuperated all right from that for about a month, I came in one day and told her I thought I was just a-gonna die. I was in bed for over four months with spinal meningitis. Mother stayed with me constantly and the three doctors in town took shifts trying to save me—always somebody was there. Mama didn’t have her clothes off for those four months, except to take baths and change them because she did stay at my bedside at all times. My grandmother came up from Mancos to help with the other children and keep the household running.

After I had been sick for about three months, my sister Terpie had gone uptown to get a prescription for me and she just got so weak that she almost fell in the ditch. She got down the ditch and held on to the sidewalk and walked home. When she did get home, they found that she had typhoid fever. So, there were two of us just at death’s door at the same time.

Finally, a Dr. Burnett came to town. He was just recently out of medical school and had been at Johns Hopkins. There had been a spinal meningitis epidemic back East and they had gotten a serum which was sort of a “kill or cure” thing. They never gave it except as a very last resort. A patient either died soon or got better soon. So my mother asked him if he

would send for it because my eyes had already set. He telegraphed to the hospital in Chicago and there was one dose of the serum in Denver, so they brought it to Silverton by train under refrigeration. It had to be refrigerated—kept in ice at all times. They brought it to Silverton and they gave me one shot. Well, I began to rally and he decided that I should have one more dose, so he had to telegraph to the hospital again in Chicago, and the nearest dose was in Kansas City. So the next batch of serum came from Kansas City, which took forty-eight hours by train to get to Silverton. So when it came, they gave me the second dose of the serum. As I say, I began to rally.

Well, the old doctors—the doctors that had been watching me all the time—when I did show signs of life, they told Mama I would either be blind, crippled, deaf and dumb, or an idiot. So that wasn't much for her to look forward to. As I got better, there were pus pockets that were formed in my body and I was lanced in five places—two in the face, one under one rib, one in my right arm, and one in the knuckle of my right hand. You can still see the scars.

My sister, of course, was getting better, too. We both had to learn to walk over again because we were so weak. I, being as young as I was, had to learn to talk again, so Mama then borrowed a big baby buggy. It was an English pram twin buggy and, although my sister was eleven and I was four, we were so emaciated that we both fit in this twin buggy. It had a couple of parasols, one at each end, and they'd drape a black cloth over them, and my sister Corinne would take us out for air. They had to have the black cloth over it because we were in such weakened condition that they were afraid that the bright sunlight would weaken our eyes. For many years after that, the people in town watched me pretty close to see how well I was getting.

When I was eleven, they noticed that I threw my left leg funny. They didn't know much about physiotherapy or anything like that, but in order to straighten the leg, because the toe turned in, Mama had me jump rope. Also, I roller skated every place I went for years. You have to toe out to roller skate. I had a little deafness for a while, until I was in the fourth grade and I had some trouble with my eyes, but I outgrew the whole business and lead quite a normal childhood.

I had a lot of different kinds of teachers. Miss Case was our first grade teacher and she was the darling of the town. Everybody and every child in the whole town loved Miss Case. She gave every child a good start. When we graduated from high school—our class—she wasn't in town any more, but we sent her an invitation to our graduation, with each one of us signing it.

My second grade teacher was Miss Carter and she liked the boys, but she didn't like the girls.

My third grade teacher was Miss Veach. I can't remember the name of my fourth grade teacher, although she was a native of the town. She was very sweet.

My fifth grade teacher was a redhead, Miss Epperson. She had a constant headache, so she constantly took aspirin. She was pretty rough on us kids, because she was smart; she taught us plenty. She was quite a disciplinarian, and because she had this constant headache, she was really cranky. In the sixth grade, we had another teacher that was pretty mean. She really knocked the boys around.

Then in the seventh grade, I had a darling teacher. Her name was Miss MacLain. She was a little Scotch gal. Of course, in junior high school you begin to get other teachers besides your home room teacher. The domestic teacher was Miss Arnold. Miss Arnold was a ballerina (she taught us dancing) and also was

our physical education teacher. There were a few in the seventh grade that were in the A class in arithmetic and, of course, I felt quite smart because I managed to get in the A class. Pretty soon, we got sent into the eighth grade arithmetic. Some of the B and C class of eighth grade got sent back into the seventh grade.

In high school, I especially remember Mr. Gebhart, who was our general science teacher, and Antoinette Montgomery, who taught us Latin. I remember one time in Mr. Gebhart's class, an incident when we were studying about Archimedes. Archimedes, of course, discovered specific gravity. According to the textbook, he went into the pool to take his bath and a certain amount of water was displaced. Some of it splashed out, and then he lay down and floated around. He saw that at the edge of the pool it had raised a little bit, so he decided that he had found something: the amount of water that would be displaced would be of the same weight of anything that was thrown into it. So, he jumped out of the pool and he ran through the streets of Athens, yelling, "Eureka, Eureka, I have found it!"

In the back of the room, there was a hand raised and Mr. Gebhart said, "Peter, what is it?" Pete Cunningham was quite a card; he said, "Mr. Gebhart, did Archimedes put on his bathrobe?" Needless to say, we didn't do any more studying or work that day. Mr. Gebhart couldn't get attention again.

Mr. Green, who was our superintendent, taught us ancient, medieval, and modern history and he had learned his ancient, medieval, and modern history out of different textbooks than we had. Therefore, he didn't agree with what our textbooks said but if you were going to take an examination, you doggone well better put down what Mr. Green had told you was right, rather than what you read in a textbook. Also, we would have to read excerpts from the textbook every so

often, and some of the kids stumbled around and couldn't pronounce the different words. So he said, "All right, now, when you can't pronounce a word just call it 'Charlemagne' and be done with it." So, here's the kids reading along and one boy, instead of just saying Charlemagne, said, "Call it Charlemagne and be done with it!"

Mr. Green, by the way, would sit on the front of the teacher's desk and put his feet on the front student's desk. He was a long, tall man and when he would put one foot on top of the other his two feet made nearly a yard. I lived fairly close to where he lived. In the wintertime when we were going to school, everybody broke trail for everybody else, so I would try to follow Mr. Green's footsteps the best I could, and then the smaller kids followed mine to school. He took such long steps. I could only manage to step in his footprints about every other time.

Our next professor was Mr. Breneman. He was just a little fellow, but, like a lot of little men, he was sort of a bully. He made every woman teacher and every high school girl, except me, cry that year.

Shellenberger was the principal—this was my last year in high school—and he, too, seemed to be a woman-hater. At least, they made it mighty rough on all the women teachers. They kept them in hot water as much as they could. But when I graduated from high school, Breneman tried to make it look like I was his fair-haired girl and he made a lot over me that night I graduated and made my valedictory address. I was mad enough to give him a slap because he had treated me so mean all through the year.

When I was in about the eighth grade, we had a lady teacher. I can't even remember her name, but she decided that she wanted to climb to the top of Mt. Kendall, so we—a group of eighth grade and seventh grade

kids—and this woman teacher decided to climb to the top of the mountain. None of us had ever been to the top of Mt. Kendall, so we decided we'd go straight up the mountain instead of going around by the trail. She didn't even have hiking boots; she had these high-heeled shoes. We managed by almost evening to get to timberline. Most of the girls and our teacher and a few of the boys didn't go on to the top of the mountain, but there were three of us girls and about eight boys who did climb to the top of the mountain. When we got to the top of Mt. Kendall, we saw mountain lion tracks, so we just slid right down the snow bank and came back to timberline as fast as we could come. By that time, it was starting to get dark. So here we were, the whole bunch of us, up on the mountain and we had to still come down. One of the boys happened to have a long rope so all of us got hold of the rope because we decided that way we wouldn't get lost as we came down the mountain.

Pretty soon we saw all of the townspeople spread out at the base of Mt. Kendall with lanterns. Of course, all the parents were worried about their kids, and their dads were coming up the mountain to meet us, but we managed to get home safely. Needless to say, we never took greenhorns again, and our parents never let us go without some older person with us. This was in the days before we had Boy and Girl Scouting, or supervised hikes.

In the wintertime, we had a lot of fun. We used to go up on Anvil Mountain, about to Pard Puckets Mine. Then we'd come down the side of the hill on our sleds. Of course, the girls had "cheese cutters" and they were supposed to sit up like ladies and come down the hill and guide the sled the best way they could. But you can't guide a cheese cutter, so I used to flop on "belly buster" like the boys. I wore out the toes of many pairs of overshoes coming

down. The boys had Black Beautys and yellow painted sleds. They weren't anything except Black Beautys painted yellow, but they called them Yellow Birds. Finally, the Flexible Flyers came in. They could be guided without lifting them and bumping them along down the hill. Oh, every boy had to have a Flexible Flyer right now for Christmas, but before that, they were lucky if their dads repainted their sleds so they'd have them for Christmas. They'd slide completely across town. Of course, we had to watch out; we started quite a few runaways that way because when the sled runs right in front of a team of horses, it scares them. Any boy that could make it to the railroad track was the champion for the year because the railroad track was on the other side of town.

We didn't do much ice-skating because it snowed all the time. Every time we decided we were going to go iceskating and had cleared the pond and had got our bonfire wood ready, why, then, it would snow and make the pond all rough, so that even though we swept it, it wasn't good for ice-skating.

We also went tobogganing. Those that didn't have a toboggan got a piece of corrugated iron and came down the hill on that.

We had a lot of fun growing up. There were several types of entertainment in the summer. There would be all kinds of picnics. A little Englishman by the name of Colonel Calvin owned the opera house. He always, on these picnics, would handle the games and give out the money to the kids that won in the sack races, relay races etc. This was in the days of homemade ice cream and lemonade and things like that. We ate till we almost burst.

At the opera house, a company would come in with children's costumes. Then they would take the children of the town and train them to put on a program and they would furnish the costumes. We had "Tom Thumb" and all the kids that wore the costumes took

down with measles because they had been used before by kids in another town that had just been taken down with the measles. Anyway, we had fun rehearsing for the play "Tom Thumb."

We had wonderful celebrations. They were for the Fourth of July and days like that. They would have tug-of-wars and the different mines would compete. All their men would compete, like the Iowa Tiger against the Little Dora and things like that. Then they had fire hose fights, and this in that climate sometimes ended up in the men getting pneumonia. Groups of men would get a fire hose and they would turn it on full force and turn on the other group of men. The team that backed the other team down the street won. It was fun, but they played rough.

They had the drilling contests, too. That was, again, competition between different mines. There would be a team of two men. One would have the doublejack (eight pound hammer) and the other the steel drill. They would bring a big boulder and set it on Main Street, a great, big boulder, half as big as a house. Then they would fire the gun and the men would start drilling, and would be timed to see how deep a hole they would get. Of course, this was mountain granite, so it was pretty rough going. Once in a while, of course, if the crowd happened to cause either one of the men to not concentrate properly, someone would get a pretty badly smashed hand, because the one man would turn the drill as the other man would hit it with a hammer.

We had a lot of real characters in town. One was called Cabbie. He was an old English cab driver, who had driven the horse-drawn cabs. He sold tamales on the street corner. Another one was Johnny-behind-the-rock; just a little, old fellow, who happened to build his cabin behind a great, big boulder and so, he was nicknamed Johnny-behind-

the-rock. Then we had the Mining Queen and her daughter. They did their assessment work every year and dressed like men. They would take their horse with all the mining equipment and go up to their little mine and do their assessment work. In the wintertime they lived in Denver.

Of course, one of my very favorite characters was Charlie Rew. He was the man who met all of the trains. He had a big, yellow bus and he took all of the traveling salesmen up to the hotel. It was in his wagon that I'd done all the jumping when I got spinal meningitis. Charlie Rew had come to America as the organist for Sankey and Moody, the evangelists from England, and he was an accomplished musician. To look at him, you'd never think that he possibly could make music. His poor hands had all been broken up from hard work and accidents and things. Anytime, he could play the piano just beautifully. He had a grand piano brought over Stoney Pass by pack train in pieces and he put it together himself. For a while, we had it in our house and I used to play house underneath the grand piano. Charlie Rew was known pretty much throughout the country because he met all the trains. All the traveling men knew him back east as the man who wore a straw hat in the winter and overshoes in the summer. He always said that he wore the straw hat to keep a cool head, because he could think better with a cool head. In the wintertime, he tied it on with a muffler. The reason he wore the overshoes was because he had been in a very bad runaway and his feet and legs had been so broken up that they never did heal properly, and that was the only kind of footwear he could get on. Charlie Rew was a character in that town that everybody just loved. Our family loved him because he lived close to our house and he used to come to our house quite a lot and play the piano.

Then we had some characters that were women, too. Mrs. Curry went insane because she decided that she had a gold mine underneath her house. She undermined her whole house and carried the ore inside her house (it was nothing but rock) until she just had a pathway between her sink and her stove and her bed and had all the rest of it just piled full. Finally, the county had to go down and put underpinning underneath her house to keep it from caving into the hole she dug. We also had a little Cornish tailor and his wife and they had a great big cat. I think the cat ate more than they did. She would take the cat for a walk on a leash every night, and if you ran on to her in the dark, it was just like a little witch with a cat pulling her around. She'd kind of scare you because she always wore black and was real tiny and just came out of nowhere, an alley or anyplace else, with this cat, and the cat was darn near bigger and the woman.

A little later, there was a big Swede fellow who came to town, by the name of Happy Colby. Nobody knew his first name. Happy Colby always contracted in the mines and whenever he finished a contract he came to town. And when he came, every kid knew Happy Colby was in town and they were all happy about it because he would go to the two drugstores and buy up ten gallons of ice cream at both of them. Then he sent the word that every kid was to have all the ice cream they could eat. So we all went to the ice cream stores and had all the ice cream we could eat, on Happy Colby. Then, he'd go to the movies and he would also tell them that every kid in town could go to the movie, he'd pay the bill, so we all got a free movie on Happy Colby. All I can remember about him was that he was jolly, that he loved to see the kids have a good time, and that he was bald-headed and had a hand as big as a ham.

While I was still a young girl, we had one smelter still running in Silverton; formerly, there had been two, one at each end of town. Of course, there were smelter workers, as well as all the workers in the mines and the mills. There were the men who ran the pack trains to the mills—that would be twenty mules fastened end-to-end—and they would take all kinds of supplies to the mines when it was too steep for wagons to get there, and when they were too far up in the mountains for the train, and to the mines where there wasn't any tramline built yet.

Whenever they replaced wooden sidewalks in town by building cement sidewalks, the crews used the slag, the crushed slag, from the old smelter instead of gravel. Therefore, our cement sidewalks were very hard and durable, but they were darker than ordinary sidewalks; we kids had fun finding money that had fallen through the cracks of the old wooden sidewalks "Finder's Keepers."

At the Sunnyside Mine, whenever the men on the drilling contracts happened to hit a wall of what they called "sunnyside pink"—it was a very, very hard rock. You'd ask them how the contract was going and they'd say "Sure rough, buddy; she's pink in the breast."

Another localism that mining towns had was "coming up in the next bucket." That was anything you were sending in the tram bucket. It meant that it would come up in a hurry. If you'd say it around the house, it meant that you'd do it immediately.

Of course, our pack trains were either mules or just burros and so, of course, we called them Rocky Mountain canaries because of their bray.

When I was probably about ten, one morning we heard a terrible noise. It just sounded like we were having more thunder than you ever could imagine. My father had

just been out to the barn to milk the cows. He came running out and called to us to hurry up and get dressed and get out of there, because the snow slide was starting on Mt. Kendall. We watched it just transfixed from our bedroom window in our nightgowns. We could see by then that it was going to run lower down and not hit the town proper, but it did set the railroad track over about a quarter of a mile. It just moved the track across the flats about a quarter of a mile. The debris—the trees and the boulders half as big as a house—rolled right out onto the racetrack and the baseball park and took out the bleachers of the park. They never again, even to this day, have ever rebuilt the bleachers with shade.

Then, in about 1919, after World War I, for two or three years, they started building what was called the Million-dollar Highway. They were widening the old wagon route from Durango to Silverton and on to Ouray. This was a distance of seventy-four miles altogether, and, in those days, when wages ran from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day, they figured that it would cost \$1,000,000 to build the highway. Even then it was only just barely wide enough so two vehicles could pass and, in many places, they couldn't. They just had to make wider areas - in the road and after we got our cars—when we began to have cars—they would have to blow their horn for quite a while so that any other car coming would (if the pull-out area was in their lane) pull out and wait. Usually, it would be the vehicle going downhill who would pull out and wait because the one coming uphill couldn't get started again, because it was too steep a grade.

We had three railroads, besides the D and RG (Denver and Rio Grande) which came from Durango to Silverton. These were called the Silverton Northern railroads and they were built by Otto Mears. Otto Mears

originally had some mining property. He was a Russian immigrant. He didn't have too much education, but he had an awful lot of know-how. At first, he built roads so that his men could take the ore out by wagon.

One day he was trying to get his teams through and there were a group of politicians that were touring the state, and they sort of had his way blocked. He got to cussin' around and he said, well, he'd built the road and it wasn't anybody's road but his, and nobody else put any work into it and he didn't see why other people were using it. So, the man who was running for governor of the state of Colorado asked him, why didn't he put a toll gate across and charge everybody that didn't belong to the men that were working for him. That way he could get money to pay to do some more work.

Then, he got the idea for building the railroad and got backing on it. He had also made some money in the mines and with his wagon and his teams, so he built these three roads. One went up from Silverton to Red Mountain and Ironton, which is toward Ouray, out south Mineral Creek. One went up Cement Creek to Gladstone, where there were more mining companies—the Big Mogul and the Gold King were up at Gladstone. Then, the third went up the Animus River to Eureka by the way of Howardsville and past many, many mines in that direction. So, we had ore trains going in every direction.

Mears also got so rich that he had a private car for his family and they would make special trips and go back to Chicago and everywhere and take his daughter and her family of children. His grandsons, when they became fourteen, had to start working on the section, right along with the Mexican and Japanese section hands, so that they would learn the business from the ground up. He wasn't going

to have them taking over in the office until they knew their stuff!

Finally, of course, all the mines began to close down after World War I. He left and went to Pasadena, California. Some of the engines he took down there and put on display and, eventually, the roadbeds were taken up. The highway to Red Mountain to Ouray, Colorado, is built on a Mears railroad roadbed, because he had a good grade.

When I was a little kid, we used to play in the snow and climb on the barns and things and turn flip-flops off into the snow and make angels, like all other little kids do. Also, there was a planing mill in town and as this was not a farming community in any way, all of the people who had horses and cows and the men who had the mules for the pack trains used these shavings for bedding for their animals. We kids used to play in these clean shavings and we'd use them for curls and everything. We had a lot of fun in the shavings.

You know how men will do—they'll get in the bar and they'll start talking and bragging about what they can do. Of course, we had some very good skiers in those days. Most of them were from either Austria or Norway. This big Norwegian bragged that he could go to the top of Mt. Kendall and be back in three hours. Of course, everybody didn't believe him and so he said, "All right. I'll wear webbed snowshoes to go up and carry my skis on my back and then I'll put the skis on and I'll strap the webs to my back and I'll come down."

So, they all got big bets up, and he started up the mountain. It was a beautiful moonlit night (by the time he started, it was nighttime). In the high mountains and when it's moonlight on the snow, it's brighter than day, and everybody was watching him. You could watch him go up Mt. Kendall because the snow had covered all the rocks and everything—he just went right over the top of trees and brush and

small canyons and everything. He got to the top and you could see him on top, he stuck a flag in the snow, so the people watching could see he really was on the top of the mountain.

He started down. He was carrying the flag, so that he could be seen coming down. Then, all of a sudden, they couldn't see him any more. So, they watched and watched and we never saw him any more. They had to send out a party of men to find him. They found him, but he was frozen stiff and as dead as could be with one of his skis caught crossways across a little crevasse. His body was hanging head down in the crevasse.

Another thing we did when we were kids was to get a bunch of us to go out and steal rhubarb and turnips. You couldn't grow very much of anything up there, the season was so short, but the turnips which we did grow were real sweet and we ate them like apples. Kids stealing rhubarb and turnips was just like kids from another place raiding apple orchards or melon patches. Although we didn't care much for the rhubarb, it was just the idea and we'd all try to eat it without making a face.

In the fall of the year, we'd all pick wild raspberries and wild currants. After heavy rains in the summertime, we'd pick mushrooms and people would dry them.

One time, I was picking wild raspberries. Of course, the best ones are always the hardest to get, and a girlfriend and I ran ahead of our mothers and her little brother and another young boy that was with us. We both climbed down a little kind of a ravine. We braced our feet on rocks and leaned back against the mountainside because it was so steep and picked these wild raspberries. Well, of course, the reason they were so nice was because they had been fertilized for years by the raspberries nobody had been able to pick.

Pretty soon, the rock gave way under me and I started to slide, but I grabbed the

raspberry bush. Norma began yelling, and I yelled, and my mother and her mother and the boys came running as fast as they could. Thank goodness in those days women always wore big aprons, because Mrs. Pinion and my mother took their aprons off, tied them together, and they also had Eugene Kearney shuck his overalls—they were the overalls with the suspenders—and they tied it on the end of the aprons. They held him by his heels and he let the rope down to me and I grabbed it. That was the way I got back up. My hands were full of raspberry thorns, and they swelled up until I couldn't even close them—they got poisoned from it. The only good thing about it was I didn't have to do any writing in school for about two weeks.

Another thing that we did when I was a teenager was on Christmas morning. The kids that were in the different church choirs and the glee clubs at school would meet at the churches. Men who had sleds and teams would take us—usually a four-horse team, once in a while a six-horse team—with all the sleigh bells jingling. At four o'clock in the morning Christmas morning we'd meet. Then we'd go caroling through the town and wake everybody up. Lots of times, the kids were already up trying to see what Santa Claus had brought. The women would invite us in and give us hot chocolate.

Of course, we had a lot of baseball games between the mines, like the Big Mogul would play the Shenandoah, and the Iowa Tiger would play the Gold King, and the Black Prince would play the Silver Ledge. There was an awful lot of rivalry among them, and they had pretty fancy costumes. Usually there'd be bets on the game. On Sundays in the summertime, the ladies and their husbands would dress up in their best, and the ladies would take their parasols and take the kids by the hand and go to the ballgames.

In the winter of 1914, we were blockaded for 93 days. It was a terrible winter. The snow got so deep that you could walk out your upstairs window and hang clothes on the telephone lines. There was no juice running through them and everything had been out, and we were using lamps. All the poles that brought the electricity to town were taken out by snowslides. We had tunnels to the barn and we could just walk right out our upstairs bedroom window, over our lean-to kitchen, over our barn, and keep on walking over ore cars and everything else that was covered in the snow. Everything was just smooth, and you dug to get out of your house. It was about five feet high where the top of the snow was on street level. Even though the snow plough had come along, it had just crushed the snow down so it would be solid so you could walk.

Anyway, the train had tried to come through -but we lost three trains that were taken by snowslides down into the canyon. Then, our men would go down on the work train from Silverton as far as they could, and the work train would be coming up from Durango as far as it could come; but there would be anywhere from a three-mile to a fourteen-mile area that was so blocked by snowslides that the trains couldn't get through. Of course, these were the times when the railroads just had small snow ploughs. We didn't have anything like they have nowadays, and most of the snow had to be dug out by manpower. They had Jap laborers that worked on the section crews. The men from town, about once a week, would take a toboggan and they'd go down on the train as far as they could, and then they would transfer the mail across in the ninety-three days.

Then, in 1918 was the terrible flu epidemic. There was a false armistice, which was about a week before the real armistice of November 11, 1918. The word came into town when I

was rollerskating. When I heard all the fire bells and the church bells and everything just ringing like the dickens, of course, we had to skate uptown and find out what it was all about. They told us that the war was over.

That night there were campfires in the street, and everybody marched and the bands played, and the men, took turnabout banging on the fire bell and the church bells. Then when they wore out the ropes, they just climbed up and kept on hitting the bells with a hammer or something. They kept the bells going all night long. It started to rain and the people marched in the street all night long. Men got drunk and those that didn't want to get drunk got the liquor poured down them. Even though it was prohibition days, they brought it out from the holes in the ground and what-have-you, and everybody celebrated.

Well, of course, everybody also caught a very bad cold, so then the flu epidemic hit. We had the highest rate of mortality per capita of anyplace except Philadelphia in the United States. We had fifty-three men buried in a trench that no one even knew their identities because they came down so sick from the mines that when they died the people just buried them. And, of course, by that time, we'd run out of caskets and they brought caskets in from other towns. Then they began burying people in plain pine boxes.

For years afterwards, people who had heard from their relatives the last time during this time of the flu epidemic would come to town and place a marker somewhere along this trench where these men were buried.

One sad thing—we had a shoemaker who was deaf and dumb and he died and was buried in the trench, when his baby girl died later, they buried her at his head. They knew where he was buried in the trench.

Our family's best friend, Mrs. Wright and her boy, Benny, that was my age, and their

baby girl died. Many families had three people or more die in the family. Mrs. Wright was a very small woman and she died two days after Benny did. He was twelve. They didn't let her know that Benny had died and they put him in a child's casket, but when she died, they took him out of the child's casket and put her in the child's casket and buried him in a rough box.

The doctors worked so hard and they would be found fainted on the street. It got to the point that people (there were so many sick in the house) couldn't even keep their fires going, so whoever was able to get around would make teams, and they would come to people's homes and bring in the coal and wood and bank the fires. Then it got to the point where people didn't even cook because there were too many sick, so the hotels at Durango sent soup up in big milk cans. Then these same men that banked your fires had a sled with a five or ten-gallon milk can of soup. You would put buckets out and they would dip some of this soup in the bucket. Whoever was on their feet enough to go get it would get it and heat it up and try to feed those that were sick.

I was twelve when my mother took sick. Before she took sick, however, she was in charge of the flu hospital, which was in the city hall, where the firemen always held their dances. They had forty men in the flu hospital. Finally, they sent to Montrose and brought in a doctor to just stay at the flu hospital. He was a crippled man who was in a wheelchair, but he could diagnose the cases and tell people what to do. They just had to depend on volunteers, and by the time the doctor came, my mother had already been nursing for about three days and nights. Her legs were swollen up to her hips. He started to giving her a lot of guff about hurrying up and do this and hurrying up and do that, and she had to tell him she just positively couldn't move any faster. Then, she got the flu.

We, of course, always had cows and ran sort of a dairy. When Mother got to working in the flu hospital, of course, she couldn't milk the cows, so we had to get other people to do that, and I'd deliver the milk. When I'd go in with the milk, the people would be sick. The doctor might have been there, and I'd take the prescriptions and get them filled and bring them back. Then I'd go to the next place where our next customer was and deliver the milk.

Finally, a lady that had been sick with typhoid fever (Mama had nursed her through it) called Mother up from over at the Campbird Mine in the Ouray area, and she wanted to come and stay at our house. She was scared that she and her children would die of the flu. So, Mama told her, "Hurry up and come because you can milk and you can take care of the cows while I nurse." But she just barely got there when she took down with the flu, and she died at our house. Her little boy was sick, too, so I took care of them.

I took my little school tablet and the alarm clock. I would keep track of their medicines and when they had to take it, because I had three different batches of medicines to give. Of course, I was tired, too, and sleepy, so I would set the alarm for the next medicine and write on the tablet who I was to give it to.

Another interesting thing that we used to do in Silverton was to decorate the Miners Union Hall for the Fourth of July dance with columbines. They would all be in bloom by then, and the teenagers of the town would go up on the mountainsides and bring in just great armloads of columbines. Then we would decorate the hall with those and crepe paper and things. One year, we made a beautiful Liberty Bell out of columbines and hung it in the center of the hall.

Of course, like all mining camps, we had a red light district. This was called Blair Street, and it was right in the center of town. The

bottom end of Blair Street was Empire Street and the top end of Blair Street was Empire Street. There were just two blocks in the center of town that were called Blair Street.

Of course, we had some pretty colorful characters, one of which was a blonde woman who weighed about 300 pounds and was over six feet tall. She was a madame and she ran a bar and, of course, had several of the girls working for her. She had a husband who was not much more than five feet tall, a little teeny Italian fellow, and he had a black mustache that was real long and curled on the sides. He used to get mad at her and, of course, he'd have to get up on the bar in order to be high enough to give her a hit. She would (when he would blow his stack) just stand there and let him poke her and kind of laugh at him.

Of course, we children were never allowed to even walk on those two blocks and it wasn't very often that any of these so-called "painted ladies" were even seen in other parts of town. Once in a great while, you would happen to see one in a grocery store, or the dry goods store, or in the post office getting a money order or calling for a special delivery letter that they would have to sign in person for. Of course, there were, as usual, murders. These girls all had names that were not their own, like "Tempest" and "Pearl" and "Ruby" and "Diamond Lil" and "Billy" and different names like that. "Diamond Lil" was also a madame, but she was also quite a philanthropist. There were many times when there- had been accidents in the mines or something, and the men had been hurt. We had no kind of insurance for the men in the mines or anything in those days and when a man was hurt and couldn't work, he was just in a bad way and his family was, too. They would have to depend on collections taken up in town or among their miner friends to feed them while the man was sick or until

his wife or children could get some kind of work to help the budget. There were families throughout the town, when I was growing up, that Diamond Lil fed. Sometimes as long as six months at a time. Of course, this was anonymous. Nobody knew who was paying the grocery bill except the grocery and meat people when they received the money, but it was always delivered by possibly the sheriff or the city marshal or someone. My brother-in-law worked at a grocery and meat market, that is how I happen to know who paid for these people's food.

My father died when I was thirteen, so Mother and I had a pretty rough time making a living after that until I got married. We did the laundry for the Imperial Hotel. Every evening after school, I went to the laundry. Mother had gotten the clothes washed and dried in a big, old drying room with a big potbellied stove and I would run them through the mangle. It was a big laundry-type mangle and it was heated with gasoline and it was run by an electric motor, but it was a pretty bulky, old affair. Whenever we got gasoline that had water in it, we'd have flames running up the back of it. I ran this mangle for five hours a day until I graduated from high school. Then, Mama got sick and I quit the job for us both.

When I graduated from high school, the alumni always gave a big dance for all the graduates. We always had our graduation in the Miner's Union Hall. A young man by the name of Thomas Godbey asked to be introduced to me that night at the dance. It turned out that he had had a written introduction to me from a woman with whom I had gone to a six weeks teachers' course the year before—she was my roommate. All winter long, it happened that every time he came down from the mine and went to a dance, that was the dance I didn't happen to

go to. He hadn't been able to meet me, so he asked to be introduced to me.

Of course, everybody came to graduation. It wasn't just an invitational affair. All the men came down from the mines and everybody came to graduation, because they watched all the kids grow up and they knew them all. And, of course, when there were men down from the mines, some of them got drunk. So, of course, in the crowd, there were some drunks. So when the mutual friend came to me and said that there was a young man who wanted to be introduced to me, I said, "Fine, as long as he isn't drunk." My friend went back and told Mr. Godbey this, and Mr. Godbey said, "If she's so persnickity as that, I'm not drunk, but I don't know if I want to meet her or not."

Anyway, we were introduced and we danced two dances and, of course, we talked about our mutual friends. The next day, he told Oakie Johnson that he was going to marry me, and Oakie Johnson said, "Ok, Tom, you'll have fine children." We didn't see each other again for two weeks.

In the meantime, he had been working on the highway and I had getting my thank-you notes out and I had been helping Mama around the house and everything. I went to another dance, and he went to the same dance, and, this time, he brought me home. He said, "Do your mother and you like cherries?" And I said, "Yes." "Well," my mother's sending me a box of cherries and I can't eat them all. I'll bring you down half of it." I liked him, because he didn't try to get fresh. He didn't try to kiss me goodnight like some of the boys had—I never allowed the boys to kiss me goodnight. I was kind of rough. I used to give them a swat or something. Anyway, when he brought me home he said, "How about us going to the movies the first part of next week?" I said, "All right. But you'll have to come in the house and meet my mother first."

The next Monday, I had been planting onions in the garden and I was going uptown to mail some letters when I met him on the street. He was dressed up in his best bib and tucker and coming down to my house and he said, "Where were you going? I thought we had a date tonight." I said, "Well, you said the first part of next week and the first part of next week is till Wednesday. You didn't say Monday." So, we went to the movies. I felt like big stuff because he had to pay grown-up prices and, until then I'd been getting in for ten cents.

Then I went down to Mancos to teachers institute because I was supposed to become a teacher. In the meantime, while I was gone (I was gone two weeks), he decided to find out whether I could cook or not. He asked my mother if he could come and board at our house. My mother said, "Yes, but I don't particularly like to cook. Maybe when Erma comes back it will be all right." We needed to have a boarder because we needed to make a living. By this time we were doing the laundry for the hospital instead, because we had given up the job at the hotel. So, when I came back, we had a boarder.

Well, he'd stand and talk to me while I'd iron and then we'd go for a walk in the mountains. He'd sing a little song to me, and he'd stop all of a sudden and say, "When I ask you to marry me, you're going to say, 'Yes,'" I was just dying for him to really ask me to marry him so I could knock his ears down and say, "No." But, he didn't. To this day, he says that he said, "Huh?" and I said, "Uh-huh," and he said, "When?" and as far as I know, that's just the way it happened. Anyway, by the twenty-fifth of September, which was four months to the day after we met, we were married.

Those were the days of the big shivaree. All these men that he had worked with at the

mines and also the men that he had worked with on the road crew decided that they were going to put him in jail overnight on his wedding night. One of my girlfriends got wind of it from her boyfriend and she told me. So we decided we'd get married at one-thirty in the afternoon. The high school kids would be in school and the men would still be on the job and we could disappear. So after we got married, we changed into hiking clothes and we went for a hike.

Our poor, old town was so dead by this time—this was sort of a depression after World War I—this 1923. They didn't have any preachers that lived in town and the judge that I had wanted to marry us was called down to Durango for district court. But we'd already set our date and we had to get a justice of the peace. So the justice of the peace married us between the times that he had to verify the count when they were shipping sheep out.

They shipped sheep out of the mountain grazing pastures in September every year. They'd bring them in the spring and they'd ship them out in September. My husband had put on an exhibition boxing match for the sheepmen's celebration, which had been a few weeks before. He'd broken his hand boxing. So, he was out of work at the time we were married, and we borrowed ten dollars from Oakie Johnson.

My husband always said that I cost him three dollars— one dollar for the license and two dollars to pay the Justice of the Peace. Here is the funny thing. He gave the Justice of the Peace, Judge Hoffman, a five dollar bill and the next morning, after we were married, Judge Hoffman woke us up to give us back three dollars because he couldn't accept more than the two dollar fee. It wasn't legal.

After we had hiked out south Mineral Creek, we came back into town. I had been all over those hills, but somehow or other, we

got stuck in the swamp; by this time it was dark. We got back into town and we circled the town and went to stay with a friend who had gotten married about a month before. We could hear all of the commotion down at our house and all this shivaree business and noise. Pretty soon, our friend's father came in and he said, "Some of the kids have swiped the S M and P truck, and they have started for Ouray hunting for you. They heard that you'd gone out that way. The fellow driving the stage, Tony Giacomelli, told them that he saw you when you had to cross Burrow bridge."

The cops, of course, were after the kids because they'd stolen the truck to hunt for us, so we decided that about this time was time for us to go home. We went clear up around by the courthouse and across the Cement Creek bridge and then we came down the back way and came down home. By this time, the men that wanted to put Tom in jail overnight were patrolling between the Alma House, which was a rooming house, and the depot, so we watched them for a while and hid in the alley. Then, while they were turning around at the depot, so the lights wouldn't catch him in the headlights, Tom dashed across and undid the barn door. The next time when they turned around at the depot, I dashed across. We got home safely. We didn't even turn on the lights because we knew that they'd know we were home. Until three o'clock in the morning, we could hear the cars patrolling back and forth. We got shivareed for the next three nights. Finally, my husband went uptown and he told Mr. Giacomelli, who ran an ice cream parlor, "Now, you know and I know who are the ringleaders of all these kids. You get the ringleaders in, and fill them up with ice cream, and charge it to me. I haven't got the money now, but when I get a job, I'll pay for it. When they get full they'll quit shivareeing."

Then he got a job where they were rebuilding a mill that had not been in use for many years. It was the Gold King mill in Gladstone. When he got the job there, we went to the grocery store and got enough groceries to last us for a month on tic (means credit) and went up to the little mining town eight miles away. He started to work and I started keeping house in a little house up on the hillside. We had our little spring for wonderful mountain spring water. We got a quarter of beef and we hung it from a rafter.

One night I was putting down the folding bed—his little brother had come up to stay overnight with us—and a mountain rat jumped out on my hand. We knew we had this mountain rat; it had been chewing on the meat. It would jump off the rafter and take pieces of meat. We managed to hit it with a hunk of stove wood underneath the cupboard and kill the thing.

We stayed there just two months and then we went down to Silverton where we lived in my mother's house. By that time, she was nursing a couple of elderly people, my oldest sister's father-in-law and mother-in-law. They were both quite sick. Then I took care of a little girl that Mother and I had been taking care of for five years. We had had her since her mother died. So I lived in Mama's house, and she stayed with the other people, and my husband went up to another mine to work.

This mine—there were no women there—was way up on the side of the mountain. It was the Sunnyside Mine at Eureka and it was about 13,000 feet altitude. The men would go there miles by tramway, after they went up the Animus River Canyon on the train for nine miles. He worked there for a year until after our first baby was born.

We had a baby daughter on September 1, 1924, and she was never quite well. I think

there must have been a valve in her heart that didn't quite close. Anyway, she died when she was 2 1/2 months old. Also, I had been very, very sick after she was born. I had general septic poisoning, which is a form of blood poison, and I almost died from it.

In January of the next year, 1925, we moved to Glode, Arizona, and my husband went to work in the Miami Inspiration Copper Company mill there. We lived there for a year. I had our second baby while we lived there—Tommy, in 1925.

We also built a house in Warrior Canyon at Claypool, which is between Miami and Globe, Arizona. Building a house on four dollars a day is kind of rough, so my husband decided that as we were going to have a baby soon, we needed a little money. We were tied so close on building the house that we couldn't save for the baby. He decided to go into the fighting game again. But he got his jaw and three vertebrae out of place, and it caused a blood clot on the brain. So, before the baby was born, he was very, very sick.

He had to be sent to Mayo brothers' Clinic and they diagnosed it as a tumor on the brain. When they took a spinal puncture test, the pressure was so great that it caused the spinal fluid to run out after it filled the needle. He lost more spinal fluid than he should have, which made his nerves so that his face would twitch and his muscles would twitch, and he couldn't handle them. So he came back and tried to go to work. The company gave him a job which they thought he could handle, but he was so nervous that he decided we would have to sell the house and not try to work there at all any more.

We went back to Colorado and we rented the old homestead that had been my grandfather's, but which was now owned by my mother's sister and her husband. (This

was Aunt Clara.) We stayed on that ranch two years and our third baby was born while we lived there. Then I was sick again and also, we couldn't sell what we had raised. We'd raised 50 ton of potatoes here, which we could not sell. We gave up the ranch and went back up to the mines in Silverton, and he went to work again at the Sunnyside.

Then he got a touch of miner's con, which is silicosis, and so he had to quit working in the mine. He became the city marshal of Silverton. Now, this was during the bootleg days and it was a pretty rough town. It was quite a job to be city marshal. He was city marshal just one year. He just didn't agree with some of the council members who wanted to make it a little bit too easy on certain of their pets who were bootlegging and running the gambling houses. So he didn't get the job the second year, but we were glad of that. Then he went back to work in the mines, even though he wasn't too well.

While my husband was the marshal in Silverton, the town needed a fire truck badly. Until 1928, we just had horse-drawn, or in the wintertime, man-drawn fire hoses. Even the old hose cart that they did pull was a two-wheeled cart with a hose wrapped on it.

My husband talked to quite a few high school boys, and also talked to some who were out of high school and working around the town who were interested in learning to box. The volunteer firemen's association put on these boxing matches and my husband and two or three other young men in town who understood boxing taught the different boys the art of self-defense. They had all these different boxing matches and, of course, charged money to see them. They sold plenty of tickets, because it was to buy the fire truck. So, they bought the fire truck and they're using the same fire truck yet. It was still in

good working condition about fourteen years ago when we visited our home town.

Then the 1929 depression hit and the mines began to close down so there wasn't any more work. Mr. Godbey went down to Oatman, Arizona and went to work in the Black Eagle gold mine there, and I went with him. By this time, we had our fifth baby. We'd had two baby girls born in Silverton in the meantime—Laura and Ila. I moved with the babies down to Oatman, Arizona.

While we were in Oatman, we began to think about coming over to Boulder City to be in on the groundwork of Boulder Dam. Also, my husband got kind of angry at the mine owners, because they were cutting the men's wages just because they could. There were so many men out of work that were glad to take any kind of job, whether they knew how to do it or not. They were still paying fourteen per cent dividend to their stockholders, but they were cutting the men's wages. He was talking in the mine one morning that he thought he'd quit, and he got canned at noon. That's how come we came over here to Boulder City, on June 21, 1931,

LIFE AT THE DAM SITE

We had to come from Oatman, down to Needles and around by Searchlight. Of course, it was just dirt roads and it was plenty hot. (I had had some of my furniture shipped down to Oatman, and we had to store it there because we just came over here in a car.) That was the only way you could get to southern Nevada. We could only take what we could carry in the car and on top of it and, of course, with four children, there were six of us, so we couldn't take too much household goods.

When we got to Boulder City, they were building the Railroad Pass Casino, which was just outside the city limits of Boulder City. The roof had just been finished on the depot, and they were building the water tank on the hill. There were Six Companies' camp of tents, which is about where the Boulder City airport is now. And that's all there was to Boulder City.

We went down to the river bottom, because the workmen and all the people who were waiting to get a job were staying there.

The work had started on the four diversion tunnels. The men went down the river in boats

to drill the diversion tunnels. There were eight crews each shift, and three shifts a day. There were four diversion tunnels, and they drilled from both ends of the tunnels at a time.

For a while my husband didn't have a job, as he didn't—due to having this silicosis—want to go to work in the tunnels if he possibly could help it. We waited.

The first work that Mr. Godbey did in the Boulder City area was to direct traffic on July 3, 1931. Down on the road to the dam, where the road goes up to Lookout Point. He was showing a group that came how to get up there so they wouldn't get lost off on the little side roads. They were Ray Lyman Wilbur, the Secretary of the Interior, and his group from Washington. The next day, then, he went to work for Le Tourneau Construction Company, who was building the highway to the dam site.

Mr. Le Tourneau himself and his sons worked on this highway because they were testing out machinery which they had manufactured. They ran it themselves, and taught other people how to run it. It was big,

earth-moving machinery, and about the first time this kind of machinery had been used to build roads, at least in this area. Before that, it'd been mostly handwork. Now everything that could be done by machinery was done by machinery.

It was so hot that a lot of the men would pass out with the heat during the day. So finally, they decided they would have two shifts to work on the highway. One group of men would go to work at four in the morning and work until noon, and another group would go to work at four in the afternoon and work until midnight. They would leave the time between twelve and four with no one working, because that was the hottest part of the day.

In August of 1931, Aimee Semple McPherson's mother came to Las Vegas to hold meetings and try to get converts. She married "Whataman" Hudson. Whataman was just his nickname; I don't know what his real name was. For publicity's sake, they had a platform built where the Dam site was to be—just overlooking the canyon wall—and that is where they were married.

They held the meetings on the second floor of the old Boulder Club on Fremont Street in Las Vegas in the same rooms that were used for union meetings. While they were having these meetings, they said that they were having the meetings in the Labor Temple. She got big crowds of men because, of course, there was the soup kitchen and food attached to this and there were a lot of hungry men in the Las Vegas area waiting to try to get work.

So the men would come and listen to her preach and to hear Whataman sing. He had quite a voice and he sang solos. Then, she would ask for converts, and those that came up to the altar, she would pray over them and put her hand on their head. Then, when

she was all finished and they had said they were converted, she'd give them a kiss on the cheek. They would come in as long as they were hungry and they got something to eat. I think that it was a hungry stomach a little more than her type of religion that brought them into the fold.

We lived in a tent in the river bottom. We bought this tent from a widow whose husband had been disemboweled by a shovel handle when he had gone in to muck out after a blast that hadn't completely blown yet. There was a delayed shot, you might call, or dynamite blast, and it hit just as he was putting his shovel down and it killed him. I don't know where she went to, or anything.

We also had to get another tent. That tent was the one I cooked and we ate in. Then, we got another tent to sleep in. Between the tents, we spread blankets fastened to clothesline ropes with horse blanket pins so as to make a little shade for the children, because it was so hot down there.

We bathed in the river. Of course, that meant that everybody had to wear some kind of apron or a little shift or something, and bathe the best they could. They dug some wells a little ways back from the river, but I saw that dirty looking utensils were being dipped into the wells until I was afraid to use the water. Of course, people had to use their utensils on campfires to cook.

I told my husband that I just couldn't see drinking the water out of the wells. The water from the river, although it was pure, was so full of silt that you'd have to leave it to settle before you could drink it. He would get water from the mess halls for the road crew camp.

There was an old man that had come with us from Oatman, Arizona—Scotty Grants was his name—and he had a 1909 Model Ford truck. This poor, old truck was so old that he couldn't get any parts for it. Whenever he'd

need a new tappet, he'd find out where the ranger had had target practice last, and he'd use the .45 shells to make the tappet. Finally, the steel rods that hold the engine in place cracked and gave way, so then he went and found some number nine wire and twisted it. The poor old engine was just slung in on this number nine wire, but it stayed.

Of course, everybody that did have any kind of a car, it had wooden wheels, because wooden wheels were the style those days. But wooden wheels were not a good thing in this country because they dried out so badly. If you wanted to go in to Vegas to get some groceries or something, you'd have to set your car in the river to let the wheels soak up before you could make the trip, because the roads were just under construction and they were very rough. Even then, by the time the trip was made, the spokes were dry again and rattling.

So, anyway, I cooked on a campfire and we hauled water from the tent mess halls. They were all tents. Everything was tents. And this water had to be hauled in from Las Vegas by train to Boulder City and then hauled by truck to the different construction companies' mess halls in the area.

When we lived in the river bottom at Williamsville or Ragtown, as we called camp, Murl Emery and his wife ran the little store. They would receive their groceries, and people needed them so badly. Oftentimes the truck with the groceries came in a day or two before the bill of lading came. Even if the bill of lading did come, they were so busy they didn't have time to check it and mark the prices, so they used just what you might call an honor system for the prices. People paid what they were used to paying for the same item from whatever area of the United States they had come from.

Of course, the areas where the Depression had been on since '29 had prices that were

dropped, so people from those areas usually paid less for an item than people from other areas where prices had been higher. I had been used to paying forty cents a can for the 2 1/2 size can of peaches and sixty cents a can for coffee and so I would lay my money on the counter, and somebody else, maybe from Texas, would be used to paying about twenty-three cents for a can of peaches and forty cents for a can of coffee.

Really, I believe if Murl Emery hadn't had his business of the boats (he was being paid on a contract basis from Six Companies) he would have gone completely broke on the store. I don't remember him giving credit, but I'm sure that he must have, because I know that there were people camped there who didn't have work yet and therefore, they didn't have much finances. Of course, they probably would pay when they could.

Then, on July twenty-sixth, there were three women who died in the camp right around me there. I began to get scared. There was no way to get a doctor. I had had a very bad case of sunburn, although I think it was partly campfire burn and windburn, too. It was on my face, and the skin dried out completely. I thought I had caught some kind of disease from bathing in the river or something, so I was putting pure Listerine on my face. That was just drying it up more, but I was bound I wasn't going to let my children catch anything I had caught. Finally, it got so bad that my husband took me up to the Six Companies' camp, which was in Boulder City. They had a doctor who examined the men before they went to work to see that they would be able to work. But he said he had no time for women or children, so we had to drive into Las Vegas. The very first doctor's sign I saw, I went in to him. I got some ointment and some kind of wash he prescribed to use on my face. When I put it on it just felt like heaven, because my

face had stung so for days and weeks that I could hardly stand it, and it was just as red as fire.

When these women died on the twenty-sixth day of July, they had taken two of them into Las Vegas to the mortuary, but there wasn't any transportation available to take the third woman in. Before they could get her moved, the heat had already begun to work on her body, so I told my husband we had to move. We had to get in where we could get a doctor.

Three days later, we moved in to Las Vegas, out on Bonanza Road to Cowboy Bill's Camp. He had a ranch that, because there were so many people needing a place to stay, he had decided to rent out space for people to pitch their tents. We paid five dollars a month for a place to pitch our tent. The tents were so close together that their tent ropes were interlaced. You had to pick your way through. We were under a row of shade trees along the ditch, and of course, it was good artesian water and so we had water and we had shade. Then my husband came back out here to Boulder City and went to work.

This time he went to work for a different contractor. The highway work was getting pretty well along and he went to work for the contractor who was building the railroad across the river to the gravel pits, the Johnson Construction Company. The children and I stayed in Las Vegas and he worked out here. He and Scotty Grants batched together. He would just get in on payday and bring me the check.

There were so many people that were not working that had come to go to work on the Boulder Canyon project, that the Union Pacific depot lawn was covered with men that just slept on newspapers at night; and so was the lawn of the county courthouse.

We women used to take turns about coming into town from Cowboy Bill's to get some fresh meat and to pick up the mail for everybody. whoever came to town would get stamps and money orders and pick up everybody's mail and get a little bit of meat for two or three families of neighbors, as well as themselves. We'd have to walk in from out on Bonanza to the Market Spot, which was on Second Street or Third Street. It was close to where the courthouse is.

The Las Vegas post office was in that area too, quite close to the courthouse. The post office building that's in Las Vegas now hadn't been built yet and, of course, everybody got their mail at the general delivery window. They had two windows for your mail; one was from about A to L and then from L on. So, according to whose mail you were asking for, you might have to wait in two lines. The lines were way out in the street all the time for mail, and then, if you wanted stamps or a money order, it meant you'd have to wait in a line again. So, it took quite a bit of time to do any business.

Cowboy Bill had built some shower houses so that the people could take a bath. He also had a little store that stocked staples and bread and practically everything except meat. It was just a very small store, but we could get most of the things we needed without having to go into town.

My littlest girl was just five months old at the time and she was a nursing baby. I used to have to carry her with me when I came into town to shop and to go to the post office.

They had to have an open pit to burn the garbage there at the camp. One day a horse fell into it and they couldn't get him out. It was just terrible because his legs were burning. A horse screaming is an awful thing to hear. The horse had to be shot.

We had one family that lived in a tent close to us. The father and the uncle had come out from Omaha, Nebraska. They had brought their family, too. There were three children and the wife of one of the men. Supposedly, they had a job. They were to work on the McDonald Hotel and it just didn't get started. It was just real slow about getting started, so they were just without anything. Their two little kids—a little boy about eight and a girl about six and a half—would walk into town every day and sell papers and whatever money they got, they brought it home. Then Mama'd buy what flour or anything she could get, sometimes a nickel's worth of flour at a time and she'd make biscuits. They had built a stove—she'd managed to make a pretty good oven right in the ground there—and she baked pretty good biscuits.

There were a lot of people there, the men worked out on the project and the women just stayed there, but there were also a lot of people who were there that didn't have any jobs. It was really rough..

Then, we moved over to the west side. We moved right in there where North Las Vegas is now. It was just bare country, though, at the time. There was one little house there. An electrician had rented the house for his wife and baby, and he wanted my husband and the children and I to camp there so they could be with her when he couldn't get home at night, because he was afraid to have her alone.

Right at this time when we were over there was when they had the strike in the project. My husband had happened to come in to town to bring me his paycheck and the next morning when he went back out to work, he couldn't go to work because the strike was on. The reason for the strike was that the Six Companies decided that there were so many men for every job that they'd just cut the wages

on the muckers. Of course, the muckers were just day laborers, anyhow, and were making only about four dollars a day; they were at the bottom end of the totem pole already. So all the craftsmen decided that they would go on strike, too, because if the company would succeed in cutting the muckers' wages, they'd cut all the craftsmen's wages next.

Then, the government threw up a gate at Railroad Pass at the edge of the reservation, the government reservation, and any man to get through, had to have a pass showing that he had work and he was working. So, no one could even get past the gate to rustle for a job. Of course, because my husband and this other man had come in to see their families they couldn't get back to go to work; so they were out of work.

As I said before, they threw up a gate real quick at Railroad Pass, which was the edge of the area that the government owned—the government reservation—so that all the people that were inside the gate couldn't get out and those that were outside couldn't get back in unless they had a pass and could show they were legal workers in the area. So, of course, those that were out of work couldn't get into Las Vegas to buy groceries and things. This was before Six Companies had its store.

There were quite a few families who were just without food, so the merchants in Las Vegas sent out two or three truckloads of food to distribute among these people and, of course, this was free. The merchants were having a pretty rough time in Las Vegas, anyhow, because they had already given as much credit as they could for their regular customers. Then, although they had a ruling that they wouldn't give any to the strangers and transients, they still did to some extent. A lot of them just about went broke. Then, when there were more workers and the money

began pouring again into Las Vegas, those that were able to weather the hard times expanded after that.

My husband was coming back and forth to the gate every day. He would catch a ride with anybody he could and then he'd walk as much as he could, sometimes almost back to Las Vegas. One day he was riding with this group of electricians and they, of course, had work and they had the passes so they had the passes so they came through the gate fairly easily. But he would usually have to get out and stay, and see if there were any jobs available. They had it posted on the outside gate what kind of workers they needed and, of course, the first man to apply was the one that got the work. But this day, the electricians were a little bit late and, of course, the guard on the gate was used to seeing that particular car go through. They all held up their passes at the window and he just waved them on through. My husband just happened to have a Campho Phenique label in his pocket, which was the same size as the pass; he held it up and came on through.

There he was, inside the gate, so now he had to get a job before he could get out. He started going from one group of workmen to another and asking the bosses for work. By this time, the New Mexico Construction Company were building the streets and the sewer systems for Boulder City. He went over to one of the bosses asking for a job and the boss said, "Can you drive a four-up? Are you a Fresno man?" He knew that a four-up meant a four-mule team, but he didn't know much about a Fresno, but he told him, "Yes," So the boss sent him on over to the corral to get a four-mule team and get a Fresno.

From then on for a while, he was a Fresno man on the streets. Of course, he got his pass so he came home that night. He had a job, and he had a pass to get back to work again,

and that was pretty good. So he rode with the electricians for about a month. Then we decided that it was just too hard riding back and forth like that all the time and then putting in a day's work, so we decided that we would come back to Boulder City and camp in the Railroad Y.

There were a lot of people camped in the Railroad Y. The Railroad Y was an area between the depot and Lakeview, which at that time was McKeeverville. All these big Six Companies' trains were switching around. There were six trains that belonged to Six Companies, that is, six engines. They were all the time moving materials down to the dam site. We pitched our tent in the Railroad Y. We lived there until the spring of 1932, when we built our present home on L Street in Boulder City.

Another thing that was very interesting in the early days of the construction of Boulder Dam was Six Companies script. Many of the men that came to work were, because of the Depression, flat broke or so nearly so that they didn't even have work clothes. The Six Companies got a commissary started just as quickly as they could, and they issued paper script in little booklets. A man could get script after he had worked enough to earn even only one or two days' pay. After one day's pay, he might be able to get a five dollar script, or he could even script up ahead as long as he had a job.

Many, many families came into Boulder City and they could call the time office or they could go into the time office and find out how much the man had coming and they could get script up 'til that day's work and go to the Six Companies' store and buy the necessities of life in clothing or in food.

After the Six Companies store was built, they had refrigerators and stove and things like that, that you could buy. The only things

you couldn't get were automotive parts and gasoline. There were quite a few people that did quite a business in discounting script. If a person wanted gasoline or a new tire or Something, they would get the script and then get somebody who was willing to buy it from them. Usually, that was discounted plenty high—about twenty percent, because you could buy a five dollar script book for four dollars.

I never did use Six Companies script because my husband didn't work for Six Companies, but I used to buy the script. However, I never had the nerve to discount it, because I felt these people were having a rough enough time without having to pay that way. It was just as good to me as it was to anybody else, because I could get just as many groceries with script as anybody else could.

Later, they made the Six Companies script in a coin. They had a picture of the dam on them. And it said Six Companies, Incorporated. They were about the same size as our regular money. They had fifty cents and one dollar denominations.

After the diversion tunnels were finished, before the water was turned into them, they let people (on one Christmas about '36 or thereabouts) drive their cars through the diversion tunnels down in the canyon before they started to divert the water through the tunnels to build the dam proper.

Then, too, at that time, they also built a railroad track through it, and just for publicity, they brought the new Union Pacific streamline engine through the diversion tunnel. As you may know, the diversion tunnels are fifty feet in diameter.

President Roosevelt came to Boulder City to dedicate the darn when it was finished. The ceremony was held right on top of the dam. Of course, the school band played for

the ceremony and it was quite a thing. It was in all of the newsreels throughout the United States.

Then they decided to test all of the penstocks—the small thirteen-foot diameter penstocks that are on the two canyon walls—to see how everything worked. President Roosevelt threw the switch. It was done clear from Washington. The word came through and it worked all that way. Of course, they took all kinds of movies and everything for Pathe and Fox newsreels. That was only turned on like that one more time, and that was so that one of these newsreel groups could get a picture again, because some way their newsreel had been destroyed of the original time.

BOULDER CITY'S GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

We didn't pitch our tent that first night we got moved out. We had our spring and mattress and we made a bed on the ground. That first morning, we got up, my husband's shoes were all filled with dirt. We had pitched our camp over a kangaroo rat's nest and he had really been mad. He had dug and thrown the dirt. Later on, we had kangaroo rats for pets for the kids several times. They were real cute.

There were so many veterans here because it was a government priority and veteran's preference job, so many, many veterans came to work on the Boulder Canyon project. They were trying to get the American Legion started in the new community. They were also beginning to build different buildings in what would be the town site of Boulder.

We had a post office by this time and there were some mess halls built—they were out of the tents, now. The buildings for the mess halls for Six Companies were where the Bureau of Mines now stands. The first dance that was held in Boulder City was held

in the mess hall, the Anderson mess hall, on Thanksgiving night.

Before that, the recreation hall—they called it the recreation hall then, it's just really a beer tavern, on B Street—had just been built by a Frenchman named Labach. Before it got any bars in it, while it was a bare building, a group of the veterans got together and had an Armistice Day get-together in that building. It was about the only building on that whole street. The only other building that was being built was the Browder Building—it's the Coffee Cup at the present time. In between, there were no buildings.

There were a few government houses that were being built on Denver and Colorado Streets, of course, the water tank on the hill had been finished. There were streets and some sewers were being put in. Most of the Six Companies houses that had been built had not been able to be connected up to a sewer line yet because the sewers weren't all in. A lot of people were still in tents.

The first Christmas program was also at the Anderson mess hall. My little boy, Tommy,

sang “Away in the Manger” and all the other little children played “Rockabye, baby” and they hummed along with him as he sang the words. And, a little girl whose father worked on the dam (she is now living in Reno and is Mrs. Jack Miller—Betty Miller. (Jack Miller was an administrator for the Washoe County School District for a while) played the piano for the children to sing for this Christmas program. Then, there were a group of young men who were with the New Mexico Construction Company and they got a hold of incense and all kinds of stuff like that, they were the Wise Men. They actually had these incense burners and things; they brought them for this program. The Anderson mess hall gave candy and cookies and oranges to all of the children that came, so it was quite a nice affair.

In the spring of 1932, we decided to build a house. Up until that time, there were no privately owned homes in Boulder City—just Six Companies and the Bureau of Reclamation were allowed to build any homes. In February of 1932, it was in the paper that there would be a few blocks set aside for people who wished to build their own homes. They were trying to get everyone out of the tents as soon as they could on account of the sanitation problem. It was pretty hard to keep things very sanitary. You had to burn your garbage and, of course, it was outside toilets (the Six Companies houses had them, too). We were trying to get away from it and get into a civilized type of living as fast as we possibly could.

We—my husband and I and the three smaller children—went up to the Ad Building, which had been built on the place where it sits now. The streets weren’t finished or anything and, of course, it was all just rough, the five acres of lawn which you see at the present time were just great boulders sitting out there and they were trying to terrace it then. We

went to the Ad Building and asked about the land. They told us where it was located and we walked on over here to L Street. I decided that I didn’t want to live on the corner, because I’d been having trouble keeping my kids from getting run over by the trains all the time we lived over in the Y. I thought, “Well, I’m just going to have it so I have to watch it in just one direction.”

So, I had them survey the third lot down for us and we went back to the Ad Building and got the specifications. They told us that we had to build a house that cost at least \$250, that had inside plumbing and didn’t have a boxcar or tarpaper roof; that’s all the specifications we had.

We went back to the tent and we told some of our neighbors what we were going to do. Some of them thought it was a good idea and some of them thought we were crazy. “How’re you gonna finance it?” And everything. We had to do some tall and fancy thinking on that score, but we happened to have an insurance policy which we could borrow on for materials.

Also, by this time, they were tearing down some of the original tenthouses and mess halls. The mess hall that had been for the Edison Company, which was down where the Bureau of Power and Light has its switch yards close to the dam—they were tearing that down. My husband got a contract to tear it down if he would take the lumber and we needed the lumber. These were buildings that had a floor and they were half-tent, a tent at the top, but sides four feet up. So, we got all of that lumber. The Stearns Rogers Company also had just recently been building the filter plant. There was quite a bit of form lumber that had been used in the building of the filter plant and the things like that we could buy cheap. So we got all of that lumber and stacked it by our tent, ready to start building.

We got hold of a carpenter who was just finishing putting a roof on the Browder Building. He had come in here originally to work for the New Mexico Construction Company, but their work was finished, so he was out of a job. So we hired him to build a little four-room house.

I just took the back of a tablet and drew a picture and said how big I wanted it, so he started that way. It was built without any architect. What I call "By guess and By God". Then, we contracted with the lumber company, which was the Boulder Builders Supply, to get our plasterboard for the inside. We only hired the carpenter to put up the structure and put the outside clapboards on the roof. Then we would do all the inside finishing ourselves.

In April, we moved into a house that was just an outside shell. We had no windows, just the screens that we had gotten from this mess hall that had belonged to the Edison Company. We had canvas, which they used for canvas flaps and we had two screen doors. So we made canvas flaps, and we left the spaces that would later be windows open and just put screens on them. We moved in and started to put up our own plasterboard and build the inside of the house.

That year had been about the coldest and wettest winter we ever had. We also had some very cold weather after April, when we moved into the house here. When we had our bed against the window space, we had plasterboard on the inside up against it, but the wind was just so bad that it pushed the plasterboard and our bed right out, about a foot away from the wall, and us in it.

One day, it was just a terrible storm and so awfully cold that men were coming home from work. Our neighbor was camped three lots down (all they had was a car and a tent that fastened on to the car. They were starting

to build, too). She came running up to my house for shelter because her tent blew away. When her husband came home, he couldn't find her, and he started hunting for her throughout the neighborhood. My husband came home from work, so the two of them started putting plasterboard up as fast as they could.

Needless to say, we got quite a bit of plasterboard in place but not very many nails in it. Later on, it warped pretty bad, but we tried to fix one room so that we could be warm. We had no stoves except little Coleman camp stoves. In order to make it a little bit warmer, we got a five-gallon oil can and we cut out one side of it and put it over the camp stove burners to make it like a heater.

I happened to have some stew meat, so I made a big stew, and the men worked. I kept the kids in bed wrapped in blankets that day and I cooked the stew. Then the McDonalds and the Godbeys had some stew and we were warm. They stayed with us that night.

All of us in this area were building houses. We were just building them with any kind of material we could get hold of or were able to buy or salvage from other buildings that had been built by Six Companies or by the Bureau of Reclamation. Ours was the first private home here.

When I built my draining board upstairs, it was built from what had been the counter in the original police station in Boulder City, which had been over where the Bureau of Mines is now. By this time, the building had been junked. It was just a little building anyway. The municipal building had been completed by that time, so we had the post office and the city offices and the police station in the municipal building, the same as it is now.

There wasn't very much between the municipal building and clear over to L Street.

They were building the Catholic Church. They had also started to build the Grace Community Church, and the Episcopal Church was completed. By the way, this area here was missionary area, yet, and so some of the churches had been built by the funds from all the churches in the United States. The Episcopal Church was built that way.

Parson Tom Stevenson initiated the building of Grace Community Church. It comprised seven denominations, so people who had belonged to any of these denominations before they came to Boulder City became that church's group, and began to help with the building, and donated money, labor and everything to the building of that church.

The Catholic Church, of course, was being built by its parishioners, the same way. The LDS Church, not the one that we have now, was built right across the street from the Episcopal Church on the corner of G and Arizona Street, facing G. It was a church that came in from Las Vegas in two parts on a truck. There had been a new church building built in one of the wards in Las Vegas, so they cut the old church in half and brought it over to Boulder City on trucks, and then they put it back together again.

The men who was doing the plastering on the LDS Church owed us some money from several months before, and, of course, he was going to have to wait until they got enough parishioners to pay enough tithes to pay him some wages. That church had a big partition of fifteen doors that were fastened together by hinges, and they would fold them back. These doors were a little bit larger than the average household door. Instead of having five panels, they had six and they were higher. He could take those doors in exchange for his wages, if he could get rid of them. So he told us that if we wanted to take some doors for what he

owed us, we could do that. So, we took ten doors for what he owed us, and then we sold doors to other people who were building in the area. We used four of them ourselves. We cut them off and took the top or the sixth panel out. That's how we got some of our inside doors. They turned out also to be our outside doors when we replaced the screen doors with real doors.

Part of the materials we had, as I said, came from the police station that had been torn down. Inside my kitchen cabinet upstairs for many years, until I painted it inside, was a map of how to find a still down on Dry Lake. It had been drawn on the counter of the police station to show the police how to go down there and raid it.

When we first were here in 1931, there were no facilities for school children in any way. Nothing had been provided by the state or by the government. Of course, the state felt they couldn't provide school because there weren't any taxes being paid to the state at the time. Until they could get some money from taxes, neither the county nor the state could possibly furnish schools. So the older children went into Las Vegas in private cars—this was in '31. Also, the Six Companies parents were making such a fuss because they couldn't have their children go to school, that the Six Companies set aside three of the first houses that they built, which were over on about A Street and New Mexico.

Then, there were some women in town who had been former schoolteachers. They were married women with children of their own, but they agreed that they would teach school. So they used these three houses and these women taught school and the parents paid \$1.50 per child per week to go to school. If the parents had more than one child, they only paid one dollar apiece for each child after the first child.

Down on the river bottom, the parents went together and bought lumber and built a little building. They did the same type of thing for the children that were still living in the river bottom.

In the spring of '32, a carpenter, Mr. Elder, who was living over in the Y, helped with the schools. His sister, who was a schoolteacher came from Kansas to keep house for him. He built a little shack over in the Y area, and the children in the Y then started going to school, too. It was the same setup as in the Six Companies houses, \$1.50 per child, and the second child was one dollar. Then, during the summer of 1932, the United States Bureau of Reclamation built the first real school building, which is the big brick school we are still using on Arizona Street. It wasn't finished until almost the beginning of October that year, because they couldn't get it ready. Then, the Six Companies hired the teachers and paid the teachers. They also, by this time, had their store built where the Bureau of Power and Light offices are at the present time on Wyoming Street and Nevada highway.

Anyway, they stocked books and school supplies in their store for the parents to buy for the children, and the state of Nevada and the Clark County School District helped to set up the curriculum and supervision, and saw to it that the books were available. However, there were so many children and there was such a turnover of workers and the families moving in and out that no matter how hard Six Companies tried, they never could keep enough textbooks on hand.

In those days, they took what they called a school census about every month to try to see how many children they did really have in school, to keep track of it.

Then the state began a suit against the government for taxes. This was government land and had never been taxed before, so they

had nothing to go on. Finally, the state won a contractual agreement from the United States government to make payments in lieu of taxes of \$300,000 a year. Of course, Clark County felt that it should all be paid to Clark County because it was Clark County property and Clark County definitely needed it for their schools. But the state put it in the general fund and it was used generally throughout the state. For years and years, Clark County had a suit against the state to try to recover this \$300,000 to have it allocated to Clark County, rather than to the state as a whole. But, the best we ever could do was to get twenty percent of it for Clark County.

Also, the county and the state were able to collect personal property taxes from Six Companies on their equipment and buildings and from other sub-contractors that were in the area just on their equipment and their buildings. Because they didn't own the ground, they didn't pay any tax on real property.

About three years after we had gotten a school really started in Boulder City, it was still just a grade school through the eighth grade. The state took over the school. High school children went into Las Vegas. Usually, in the beginning, they went in their parents' cars—they pooled the cars. Finally, there was a bus that took high school children into Las Vegas to school.

As I say, the county began to administer the school. For years and years until Boulder City became a city of its own, all schools were built by the United States government and we had to get an act of Congress to get them built.

When the state did take over, they sent the State Superintendent of Schools, who was then Miss Mildred Bray, to inspect the schools. All the parents brought the books that they had bought for their children to school and they were appraised as to what

kind of condition they were in. Then the parents were reimbursed for these books. Then they used the books for whichever grade they were needed.

In the early 1940's, about 1942, we had succeeded in getting the four grades of high school incorporated into our Boulder City schools, but any of the children who had started to high school in Las Vegas finished there. We just added one high school grade per year, so by 1942 we had all four high school grades.

Even before the end of 1931, community life began in Boulder City. The churches were being finished and people were going to church. And we started PTA and all of the different fraternal organizations. Finally, it seemed that we had more fraternal organizations than any other town of its size in the country. The reason for this was that there were people from all over the United States; people who had belonged to every organization that there had been in the United States. Each one of them seemed to be a little bit homesick for his own particular organization, so they would start one here in Boulder City.

One of the nicest things in our town was our theater. We got the theater building by the summer of 1932 and, of course, they put in the first swamp cooler, or desert cooler type to system in the town. The theater was the only cool spot in town, so men who worked on swing or graveyard shifts would go up to the daytime matinees so they could get a good nap.

Then, the Legion Auxiliary started the Easter egg hunt, which is still going on. However, for about fifteen years now, the Beta Sigma Phi sorority has handled the Easter egg hunt for the children. The eggs are hidden in the shrubbery on the Ad Building lawn and then the children hunt them. While the people

are hiding them, all the children in town go to a free movie.

We also have a free movie, usually, on Christmas Eve, so that the parents can park their kids at the movie while they go and pick up the Christmas presents that they've had at the stores two or three months. We always have a big Christmas tree and Santa Claus and a treat for the children. This is always a big deal for the kids.

It's always been a free movie on Christmas and Easter for the children, since Boulder City began. In the early days, the Six Companies mess hall, the Anderson Brothers, furnished the treat for the children, but since the dam has been finished, it's always been the Chamber of Commerce that furnishes the Christmas treat.

For many years, we had Hallowe'en parties for the children. We don't do it anymore. It just got to be too big a job. There would be a big Hallowe'en parade with children all in their costumes. They would be divided into groups of kindergarten age, first and second grade, and usually about two grades in a group. They would go to the different churches and the different halls in town, like the American Legion Hall and the Bureau of Power and Light hall and the gymnasium and have organized games. This was to keep them busy so they wouldn't do any damage in town. Also prizes were given for costumes and refreshments.

We also had a free midnight movie—it used to be free when Earl Brothers had the theater. I don't know if it is now, but they always have a midnight movie on New Year's Eve.

In the early days, too, we used to have so many people who went to PTA meetings that we met in the old Legion Hall, which has been torn down. It was in the space where Park Service Museum is at the present time.

We had all kinds of dances, of course, in the Legion Hall. It was the place where everybody met. The men used to be six deep around the edges. Then, later, we had the Sons of the Legion Orchestra and we held teenage dances in the old Legion Hall. During World War II, the Legion Hall was sold to the school because we needed more space for schools and there were not enough materials available to build new schools. They made the Legion Hall into four classrooms. So, in order to keep the teenage dances going, there was sort of a rider on the sale of the Legion Hall that they would have the teenage dances in the gymnasium of the grade school, and the Sons of the Legion Orchestra would play for them.

The PTA, in the spring, usually in March or April, used to hold a spelling bee, which was city-wide. There were mother-daughter teams and father-son teams and whole family teams and the different classes. It was quite a big thing.

Our PTA in Boulder was the first organized PTA in the state of Nevada that affiliated with the national organization. There were other PTA groups, but they were local groups and they had not affiliated with the national organization. For years we would vote each year whether we were going to affiliate with National or whether we were going to save all the money and give it to buy something for the school. The PTA had to vote every year because it was a controversy. We just really begrudged the ten cents out of the fifty cent dues that we sent to National for each member, because we felt that we could do something more worthwhile in our school than what their publications did for us. We paid extra for some of the publications, anyway. We got so little from National for so many years that we just felt that we could do more with that ten cents.

The school was always in need of things, like lantern slides and things like that. Then

they had a PTA carnival each year and the money raised would buy something special for the school. One year they bought a machine to test children's hearing. Many things throughout the years have been bought with this money that the PTA raises. Now PTA sponsors three movies a year to raise funds.

In the beginning, Boulder City had no cemetery. All the men who were killed in accidents during construction were either buried in Las Vegas or were sent to their home towns for burial. There had been a cemetery in the original plans for Boulder City, but it just didn't materialize. Then, when Camp Williston came in and even before that, we had CCC boys stationed here, and they used the area where the cemetery was supposed to be. We actually had made Boulder City our town and we didn't want to take our loved ones back home where they had come from or into Las Vegas. So they were wanting a cemetery.

My husband went to see Sims Ely, who was then the manager of Boulder City, and asked him about having a cemetery. Well, of course, like everything else, it had to go through Congress. So, he talked to different groups, like the Legion and the VFW and the different fraternal organizations and the different churches.

At that time, we had what we called the Coordinating Council in town. We—whatever we were trying to raise funds for—tried not to conflict with some other organization raising funds. So the Coordinating Council would meet once a week, and the different organizations would work out what date they'd have their drive and what date somebody else would have, so they wouldn't conflict. Tom took this up before the Coordinating Council. (Later on, he was the president of the Coordinating Council, but I don't think he was at this time.) So, they had

representatives at this meeting from all the different organizations in town, and they all backed him and backed the project of having a cemetery.

Then we started proceedings through the Congress of the United States and with Pat McCarran and James Scrugham and Key Pittman. Congressman Sullivan from Reno finally got the bill through the House of Representatives. It took several years to get the project through.

Then they had to decide whether the land belonged to the Bureau of Reclamation or was Park Service land. We finally got an allocation of land for the cemetery.

At the time, they were putting through some new power lines for the Bureau of Power and Light, and all of the equipment and all of the workers were camped on the land. Also, there was a group that came into town to build some houses—the Womack Construction Company from Phoenix. These were privately owned houses on K Street and I Street and in that area of town. Anyway, when we finally got a bill through Congress that deeded about nine and three-quarters acres to the Cemetery Association, which was a group of men from all different organizations. After it had gone through Congress and all, we still couldn't get these people that were camped over there off the ground.

Finally, one man who had been working on it—he knew he was going to die—told my husband, “Tom, I tell you what you do. When I die, you just take me over there and plant me, and then you'll have a cemetery.” This was John Abercrombie and he was the first person who was buried in our cemetery. When he died, my husband went over and he picked out a spot (it had already been surveyed, so he knew he was inside the cemetery property) and he started digging a hole. The lady in the tent next to it came out and she said, “What

are you doing?” And, he said, “Well, this is really cemetery property and tomorrow we're going to have a funeral.” She said, “Well, tomorrow, I'll be out of here!” So the people began moving out and Boulder City had a cemetery.

My husband wanted a fence for the cemetery. By this time Basic Magnesium had got started. This was in around 1940 or '41. The same group that had the mess hall at Boulder, Anderson Brothers, had the mess hall tents over in Basic Magnesium. Later they built wooden buildings. They had had quite a lot of good fence around their mess hall. My husband was working at Basic at the time and he found out that this fence was all going to be torn down and possibly sent down to Los Angeles for junk. He telegraphed Pat McCarran and asked him if they couldn't get that fence for the Boulder City Cemetery, instead of having it junked. Pat McCarran knew what kind of strings to pull and he got the fence laid aside for the Boulder City Cemetery Association, so we didn't have to pay anything for the fence. It was delivered over here by truck. Then a lot of the men just went over there and put it up around two and a half acres, which was one-fourth of the total. Recently, we replaced that fence, but up until 1965, we had it. The cemetery has also been made a little bigger. We're taking more of the area as we can.

There were three men in the beginning in the Cemetery Association group—Dave Laughery, my husband, and Elton Garrett were the officers. Mr. Godbey was president. Dave Laughery was treasurer and Elton Garrett, secretary. They had to have some money and they hadn't sold enough plots yet to have any money, so they borrowed in their own names from the bank \$500 apiece. They did this to make some improvements, like putting in the sprinkler system and things like

that. Mr. Godbey planted the trees himself—the first trees that were planted over there—and they were all just trees that grow here in town that people happened to have that they didn't need. Mostly, they were elm trees. Mr. Grey Boynton, who had been the planner of the city parks here in town, was acting City Manager by this time. He was the one who worked out the plots and the way that the cemetery is laid out and the landscaping of it.

In the beginning, in order to get a non-profit organization cemetery association, and be incorporated under the state of Nevada, we had to have a certain number of burials and keep track of it in the City Hall. So I did the book work on that. Also, I had to secure all the doctor's certificates of death and all these different things. Then I had to see that they were kept on file at the city offices. I believe we had to have something like fifty burials before we could incorporate.

Also, something that is interesting. When we got the bill and it had been passed, it actually had red tape on it from Washington, D. C. I always had thought that this "red tape" was just a figure of speech, but it isn't. They actually use red tape on some legal government documents.

We didn't have too much trouble getting this bill through because Pat McCarran was for it and so was Scrugham. He spearheaded it through.

Then, too, when Basic Magnesium had some houses that had been their time-keeping offices in the field, they were going to get rid of those. Tom got one of those, and got it moved out here to Boulder City for a house for the caretaker, because we had to have a caretaker at the cemetery.

Now, the Cemetery Association is still active as an advisory board, but the charter has been changed. They voted it last election for the city to take over the cemetery and

now the city does all the maintenance of the cemetery. We still have our treasurer, who checks and takes care of any materials that are bought for repairs and the like. We have to have \$25,000 to turn over to the city, in order to make it legal. Soon all cemetery business will be handled by the city at Municipal Building.

Another thing that Tom used to do was work on the ball park all the time. They named where the ball park was Peterson Field, in honor of Chief Charles Peterson, who was the chief of police. Later, Mr. Moore wanted to make a trailer park in this particular area of town. The Recreation Association managed to get him to give them as a donation something like \$1,000. They didn't own the land or anything that this ball park was on, but, in the early days, whenever we had any football or anything like that, it had to be played on the city baseball park, because they didn't have any football field belonging to the school. That donation helped, because that money was used for cement to build bleachers on the ball park that we have now. We now have a softball field and a hardball field.

Bruce Eaton worked for the government, but was sort of a city planning engineer for a time here. He just recently retired from the Bureau of Reclamation. He was one of the men who got the idea of a recreation complex, which we now have with a nice park and the baseball fields. The city did the clearing and things like that, but the bleachers and other improvements were done by volunteer labor and with monies that were collected from the townspeople.

Now, something else that's very interesting in Boulder City, I think, is that when Clark County decided to build the convention center, the outlying districts felt that these convention center bonds would do them no good. The monies that were brought in for

a big convention into Las Vegas would only help the Las Vegas area and the hotels and the gambling casinos there. So, in order to have the outlying districts agree to vote for the bonds, we got the commissioners to agree to build our swimming pool. So the swimming pool was built with the funds that Boulder City shared. (We don't even get many of the tourists that come in for these conventions—even in our motels.) That's how we got our swimming pool.

Then, in order to keep the swimming pool up, at first we thought we could sell enough season tickets, but we found we couldn't, so that was out. Then, Hawthorne had decided to have a swimming pool district and we decided, well, if Hawthorne could do it, Boulder City could, too. So the people voted for a swimming pool district, and now a few mills of our tax money is devoted to the swimming pool.

Also, in the early days, the townspeople wanted a library. Of course, there were no facilities, but the government—the Bureau of Reclamation—told us that we could have one room in the Municipal Building for a library. We got our first books from the Library of Congress. Then, the Junior Chamber of Commerce took a petition around and the taxpayers signed it and we decided that we would tax ourselves two mills, or something like that for money for our library. And, of course, it has grown. Right now, the city is wanting the library to be moved out of the Municipal Building. They say that they need all the building for city offices, so I don't know how that's going to come out.

Of course, Six Companies built a hospital as quickly as they could to take care of their injured workmen, but after the dam was finished and Six Companies left the area, the hospital was just vacant, so there was no hospital for people between Kingman and

Las Vegas. For several years, Boulder City was without a hospital, although we had the building. When the Park Service came in, when the lake began to back up for the recreation area, they had found the remains of a two-toed sloth in a cave around the lake, and they began to accumulate things that they wanted to have. They needed a museum to show them off. So, as this building was sitting idle, they used it as a Park Service Museum.

Then, several people died because of not being able to get them to a hospital on time—quite a few people that were in automobile accidents out on the Searchlight highway or out the other side of the dam between Boulder City and Kingman. They had to be taken all the way into Las Vegas to the hospital. A lot of the citizens began writing letters to their Congressmen and their Senators, kicking about not having a hospital.

One day I received a telephone call. Two men asked if they could come see my husband and me that evening. They explained that they had been sent in here by the United States government as sort of city planners, and they wanted to ask us questions about our ideas of things that could be done to better Boulder City. Elton Garrett is quite an idealist and he had a lot of ideas, too. So I telephoned him and had him come over that evening, too.

We sat here in the living room and talked until midnight or later. At that time, there were other items that we were thinking about. We were trying to get a golf course and we wanted to get grass on it. Today we don't have a golf course in Boulder with grass. Well, anyway, the people wanted that. By this time we had started a cemetery and we were planting grass out there.

The government was going in the hole at the price that they were selling water to the people trying to beautify the town. They were processing water at the filter plant with

things to soften it, as well as the chlorine that kills all germs. They were thinking that it might be feasible even to put a dual pipe system in the town for watering plants and lawns and treated water for the houses. So, my husband—he had worked both at the filter plant as an operator and at the disposal plant as an operator—came up with the idea that they could use the effluent from the disposal plant to water both the cemetery and the golf course (if they got one started) by just pumping and using this water. Therefore, they wouldn't be using the treated water that had cost so much. It would be a saving. So, that was one of the things we told these men that night.

Then, we told them how much we needed a hospital, and they said, "Well, it may interest you to know that we have just talking to people around town for several days and we're actually sleeping in the hospital building at the present time—in some of the rooms that are not being used by the Park Service."

They left, and my husband went to bed. In less than half an hour after they were gone, the telephone rang. Mr. Grey Boynton, who was acting City Manager at that time, told me that the men had called him and they said that if I would write them a letter and have it in the city office by ten in the morning, they would take all these things that we had talked about under consideration. I guess they contacted Elton Garrett, too.

I stayed up all night and wrote this letter. If you know anything about government, everything has to be done by letter, so they have y-a-y-number of copies, usually anywhere from triplicate to 11 copies of the letter. So, I wrote this long letter and delivered it in person to Mr. Boynton's office the next morning before ten, and the two men were in the office. They said they were glad to receive it and that they were going back to

Minneapolis, or someplace where they came from. The government had sent them in to see just what needed to be done in Boulder City.

It wasn't very long after that then, we had a hospital. The Bureau of Reclamation took over in that they took care of the maintenance and paid the nurses and the like. But equipment and things like that came from de-activated public health hospitals throughout the western area here, some even from Indian hospitals that had been administered by the Public Health Service from reservations that weren't reservations any more.

Our first administrator of the hospital was a Red Cross nurse. Her name was Mrs. Sutton. She was our first administrator because she understood how to run the system that the Public Health Service had. For many years, our hospital went along that way.

We also had a volunteer ambulance service. In the first place, I believe, it was the Junior Chamber of Commerce that spearheaded this service and the citizens donated money to buy the ambulance. They managed to get a pretty good buy on an ambulance and then different young men who were qualified as a taxi cab drivers, these young men who had a special driver's license in town were the volunteer drivers.

Nora Poyser was the coordinator for the volunteer ambulance service for many years here. She would keep track of who was to drive the ambulance at certain times, and saw to it that there was always a driver available. Usually, the ambulance sat by some of the filling stations and several of the young men who worked in the filling stations were among these volunteer ambulance drivers. Ambulance memberships for \$15.00 entitled anyone who was a member to one trip to the hospital without paying anything extra. And that's the way we kept up the ambulance. The ambulance service is taken care of at the

present time by a man who is at the hospital all the time, one of the maintenance crew.

Then, the government decided that they wanted to get rid of the hospital and that it would have to become a community hospital. Within a two-week period, it was to be turned over to the community and we had to raise funds—I believe it was in the neighborhood of \$15,000 that we had to have in the bank. Anyway, we had to have a certain amount of cash in the bank before we could take over. Otherwise it would be just closed up. This was to guarantee that we could run for one month without going in the red, and it was to satisfy the Internal Revenue.

So, Chief Charles Peterson volunteered to be the chairman of a drive. Different people worked; citizens of the town took areas that they would go house to house. Each family was supposed to give \$20.00, the minimum. If they didn't have the cash, they were to pledge \$20.00 so we could raise this fund within the two-week allotted time. We managed to do it. There were a few donations of as much as \$100.00 and some of them were anonymous.

Also, back when we were under the Public Health Service, we began getting in equipment and sheets and everything like that from these old Public Health Service hospitals. We had an awful lot of work to do to make these materials that we received usable. For instance, many of the sheets were too short. We had to take pieces of other sheets and sew them on.

When our Red Cross work rooms were first started, while Mrs. Moritz was the chairman of the Red Cross, most of the work that they did was for the Boulder City Hospital. They did an awful lot of work for the Boulder City Hospital making the sheets longer, and putting grommets in the canvas draw curtains that went around the beds, and

all those kinds of things. So, Boulder City has gotten a lot of its things rather a hard way.

Another thing that is of interest, I think, is that so much of the building of our fraternal organizations' halls and the churches have been done by volunteer labor throughout the town.

At one time, my husband worked at the filter plant as an operator and then at the disposal plant as an operator and he was a farmer. He had been a farm boy in Missouri, so he figured we ought to be able to grow something in this country; and he proved it. He used the effluent from the disposal plant and we got forty acres of land from the government, which later we let go. We planted alfalfa and oats and we got five cuttings of alfalfa a year. We had a horse and some cows. However, we hauled water from town for all of our animals to drink. We only used the effluent from the disposal plant for the alfalfa and the oats. We cut our oats in the spring, rather than in fall. It was too hot to raise them right during the summer. They were planted in the fall and cut in the spring.

Another thing that my husband and I did—it's kind of a silly thing and yet it was interesting—we made a trip downriver below the dam—this was before Davis Dam was constructed—down to Needles in just a little rowboat. It was a pretty rough trip. My husband's nephew and his wife went with us and my husband's brother drove around by way of Kingman and went to the Arizona side of the river and he was to pick us up. We started out with a motor, but our motor conked out, and so the rest of the way was either to float down or row down.

At Bullhead Rapids, we must have been in a whirlpool that the rapids made for about an hour and a half. We whirled from one side of the canyon to the other side of the canyon

and back again. When the current would hit, then there'd be enough force that we'd whirl back again.

As we went down the river at that time, they were taking silt specimens of the area that used to be the old Ringbolt Rapids area, where the Mormon paddle wheelers used to come up from the Gulf of California and get the help by being pulled with winches up the river. We stopped there and went across the river on a little hand operated tram line, and then back again, and watched the fellows take these silt samples for the government.

As we went down the river, the two days that we were on the trip, the wind was blowing upriver so much that part of the time we were traveling sideways and just being carried a little bit by the current. It was quite an experience.

We saw a lot of wild geese—it was in the fall of the year—and we also saw a white tail deer, making a run for it. Then, afterwards, when we had been back about a week, some friends of ours decided that they'd like to go downriver and go duck hunting or see if they could get any geese. They borrowed our boat, but about the first thing they did was knock a hole in it, and they had to fix that before they could go on down. They promised us that if they got a duck, they'd bring us one. When they got back home, they brought us something, but it wasn't a duck and it wasn't a goose. But my husband insisted that I cook the thing.

It had sort of a hooked bill, and my husband said, "Well, it must be some kin to a gray goose." It had webbed feet. I said, "Well, I'll cook it, but the doggone thing don't smell good." It smelled fishy, so I soaked it in salt water and then I soaked it in soda water and then I soaked it in plain water and then I cooked it just like I would a roast turkey with

dressing and everything, but all the time it was cooking, I thought it smelled awful funny.

We found out that it was a cormorant. The kids wouldn't eat any of it and I wouldn't eat any of it. I looked it up in the encyclopedia and I couldn't see any place at all where it said that the cormorant was edible. I made my husband eat some of it after he made me cook it!

We have a multi-purpose building in Boulder City. It was built mostly with funds from Ford Foundation, for which we can thank Elbert Edwards, I believe, and Peggy Hyde, who was on the county school board. They went back to Washington, D. C. to arrange for it. Also Elton Garrett worked to secure this building.

The foundation felt that Boulder City would be a good place, and we were real thrilled to have it. It is a large auditorium, but it also has pneumatic partitions that weigh around six tons apiece—two of these pneumatic partitions that are run by electricity. They can cut the main hall of the auditorium into three parts and each room is absolutely soundproof from the other rooms. Each room can have either a program going, or classes. Also, classes can be held on the stage, as well as in the other rooms, so there could be as many as four or five different things going on at the same time. It is available for programs for the town, as well as for the use of the school. It is on our school property and we did not have an auditorium at the high school—we had a gymnasium, but not an auditorium. So, now we have an auditorium, which is also, I think, the first one built in the United States. Soon after it was built, however, and dedicated by both Governor Grant Sawyer and then (at a later date) by the foundation that had financed

quite a bit of it, they said that about twenty more would be built throughout the United States and one in Tokyo.

Of course, our beautiful high school and junior high school were built by the United States government just a little while before we became a city on our own. Now, of course, if we would get any new buildings, we would have to float bonds and build them like any other town in the state.

Here in Boulder City they never had a legal red light district. Sometimes, the rangers would raid somewhere that was suspected of being like that. Also, we didn't have gambling in Boulder City, but once in a while in the early days, somebody would decide to have a poker game, money bet, and there were a few raids like that, but there never was any legal gambling in Boulder City. There always were women who were alone. I think you'll find that in any construction camp anywhere that you'll go, where there are six to ten men for every woman. It was never legalized. It was always against the law in town here. And it was never organized. There was a red light district in Las Vegas that was—they called it "Block 16" and it was supervised and all, there in Las Vegas. I'm speaking mostly of the construction days.

During the war, of course, Boulder Dam was a prime target. There was a bomb net across the face of the dam and also, a machine gun nest on the Arizona side just above the dam. The machine gun nest is there still, but it's hard to discern unless you know. I know right where it is, so I can point it out to friends when I show them. It's especially built to blend with the mountainside out of the native rock and looks just like a bump. Of course, this machine gun nest was manned twenty-four hours a day.

Anyone crossing the dam would have to go in convoy with soldiers and with machine

guns ahead of the group and behind the group and we had to keep our car windows closed. We couldn't open the window as it passed over the dam, no matter how hot it was. The window had to be closed until we got completely across on the Arizona side. The convoy of soldiers would wait, then, on the Arizona side until there were enough cars coming from the Arizona side, and then they would bring the group of cars back across. Also, we had a gate then which was down where the penstock pipes had been made for the powerhouse. It is now a government warehouse—a Boulder Canyon Project warehouse. They had a gate thrown across there and all the men who worked at the dam had to show their passes each morning. There were women that checked the passes. Two of them were very good friends of mine—Mrs. Mabel Painter and Mrs. Jessie Shelton. Everyone had to be checked going and coming.

Later, the Park Service used the old Camp Williston hospital for their Park Service museum. This was the period in between the time they had used the old Six Companies hospital and the time that they built their new Park Service building on the corner of Wyoming and Nevada highway.

The area below New Mexico Street, where the Six Companies one-room houses had been torn out is where the Camp Williston was located. Then, of course, the buildings were torn down and that same area has all new housing in it at the present time. At least, it is new since World War II. Our park at the southern end of town, the swimming pool, and the baseball parks, the high school area, all the area that the high school has, is now in the area where Camp Williston was.

MY PUBLIC SERVICE ACTIVITIES

During World War II, I first began having soldier boys come to the house when Patton's tank corps and anti-aircraft troops were stationed on the desert.

All the people did this to some extent, but I just got into it deeper than most people. Within about a four-year period there were about 500 boys who came to my house and stayed for a meal or stayed overnight. Sometimes I'd have fourteen stay overnight. I would send my girls to stay with their girlfriends overnight, and that way the soldier boys could have their rooms and their beds. We even made beds on the floor. On Christmas and Thanksgiving and times like that, they would all be having long distance phone calls to make to their parents.

The group that first came were these boys that were Patton's group. They were training on the desert between Needles and Searchlight and they came in to Boulder City on leave. We had turned an old dormitory, which had been the Babcock and Wilcox dormitory, into a USO, but they didn't have much for sleeping facilities. They had bunks,

probably, for fifty men there, but here were hundreds of these boys that came into town. So they sent out an SOS throughout the town and asked if the people would take the men into their homes overnight.

I had four boys that first time—Christmas—and they had already gotten their overseas post office. They began putting in calls to their parents in the evening of Christmas Eve and along toward four in the morning, the calls began to come through. Of course, back east, that was seven and eight o'clock. They talked to their parents the last time from my house here.

After we saw how much it meant to them, we began taking boys every weekend. It kind of mushroomed until we were having a lot of boys. The neighbors would help, as I say, by having my girls stay overnight at their homes, so as to give the space to the soldier boys. My own boys, by this time, were in the service themselves—both in the Navy. They got home very, very seldom.

In the morning, all the Catholic boys would get up and go to early Mass before

breakfast, because they were supposed to have fasted before taking communion. Then, with the Protestant boys, we would get busy and we would have the first breakfast, which was usually pancakes. We were having a hard time with ration points, so, what I did was get dried beef. With one package of dry beef—you could get it for four meat points—I would make a lot of cream gravy, and we served that with the pancakes, as well as some sugar syrup. Of course, we had to pay points for sugar, too, so we did the best we could. All the boys got fed. Then, we'd clear the table. The Catholic boys would be home from church and they'd start washing dishes. Then the Protestant boys would start flipping pancakes for the Catholic boys' breakfast, and they'd all go to church after they got the pancakes flipped. Then, when they came home from church, they'd do the dishes.

Our other special meal was chicken and dumplings because sometimes we could get chicken without any points at all. I would stretch the one chicken until it fed many boys. Of course, I doubt if they had as much chicken as they'd like to have, but they had as many dumplings as they could have. I'd have to cut the chicken in pretty small pieces but they were all gentlemen, so they would take only one piece.

Anyway, the boys came back—many of them—week after week. When one group of boys would know that they were going to be shipped out, they'd call me on the phone and say, "Well, I'm shipping out, Mom. Can I send somebody to take my place? I know a boy that's waiting to come." So when he'd come, he'd tell me which boy had sent him. So my boys were all hand-picked boys. I never had a stinker in the whole bunch. They were all good kids and they were mostly homesick. They'd play the phonograph practically all night and of course, then they would sing

songs. They'd go up and play tennis. Some of them would repair the neighborhood kids' bicycles and others would teach the kids some new game, so all the neighborhood kids were waiting for the soldier boys to arrive each weekend too. It was really nice.

Also, during World War II, I was the production chairman for the Red Cross for two years, and we had the workrooms. Earl Brothers gave three rooms above the theater for the workrooms. It was centrally located in town and the women would come and work and also take lots of work home. There was kit bags to sew, sweaters to knit, and a lot of pajamas and things like that. We also had special knitters who did beautiful work who made layettes for the soldier boys' wives when they were going to have a baby. We made some beautiful layettes. We made lots of hospital slippers and afghans out of wool scraps that people brought to the workrooms. We had four sewing machines going at all times and usually women cutting kit bags and pajamas. Then we would package them and give them to the different organizations.

Usually, the different organizations or churches in town had their own production chairman within the church or within the organization. That was very nice when an organization or a church had a good production chairman within their own group. They would take enough for forty or fifty women. They knew the specifications and they usually would look the garments and things over. As a general rule, I could be sure that they were all ready to ship because they had been already passed. If there were any mistakes, they had already taken care of them.

Sometimes we would get back things that were very poorly done and they would have to be completely ripped out and done again. I had several women who did this work in the workrooms on the sewing machines.

One lady finally said to me, “Can’t I ever make something new that isn’t a botched job somebody else has done?” One time a lady took twenty-five kit bags to be done and when they came back, they were sewed nicely, but they were sewed on a chainstitch sewing machine, so, of course—they weren’t hard to rip—they had to be made over. You can just imagine when some soldier is out on the battlefield, and all he’s got is a kit bag with a few things, and if he touched that chainstitch, he wouldn’t have anything.

It was very satisfying work. It was very busy work and tiring, but it was satisfying. I had some women who put in as much as 1,000 hours. One woman had also done sewing in World War I and she had done thousands of hours of sewing for the Red Cross.

There is something that I’d like to bring out about the Red Cross workrooms during World War II. We would get the order and our material, of course, from the Clark County Red Cross. We worked out quite a few short cuts. One was that we made master patterns for cutting bathrobes and pajamas and the like out of old sheets. That way we could cut two thicknesses of outing flannel at a time and lay the cloth pattern on without having to pin it. It’d stay. It saved all the time involved in pinning paper patterns and, of course, it lasted forever. As long as we needed it, anyhow.

There was another thing that we did in our Boulder City workrooms. We had such a hard time, even though we cut all of the kit bags to absolutely the right dimension, we couldn’t seem to get it over to the people, even with typewritten directions, that the side seams were to be French seams, 1/4 inch. They would come back 3/8 or 1/2 and sometimes even as much as 3/4 of an inch, and when they did, the bag was much too small to hold the items that it needed to hold. So, I believe it was Lucille Mead and

Mrs. Puryear who figured out how we were going to get around that. They decided that we would use the hemmers on the machines and we would hem both sides of all the kit bag material and then just have them make one seam 1/4 of an inch on the edge with backstitching on both ends. This worked out real well. We got our kit bags back in the proper size. Also, the part at the top where you run the strings through didn’t ravel; otherwise, that part would have to have been fixed separately.

Those two women used to just run the sewing machine so fast that the needle would get blue when they were doing the hemming on this, because we hemmed the full strip of fifty-five yards, the full length of the bolt of kit bag material.

Then, too, we made hundreds of what they called “housewives,” which were the little cloth books that had buttons and held needles and pins and safety pins which went into the kit bags.

One of the hardest assignments that we had was for a hurry-up order for stump socks. I put all of my best knitters on this assignment and my best knitters were mostly women who had either husbands, sons, or brothers in the service. This came in right after they began to evacuate the prisoners from Cabana Tuan and the other Japanese prisoner-of-war camps. So many of these women’s loved ones were in the Pacific theater, and they hadn’t heard from them for quite a while. They didn’t know but that they might be knitting stump socks for their own loved ones. These stump socks were made of fine white wool and we made them in sets of three for the wrist stump, the ankle stump, and the knee stump. Some of these women knit around the clock until we got this number of stump socks that we had this hurry-up order for. We had a week to get something like 150 sets knit.

During this same time of World War II, I managed to be PTA president and president of VFW Auxiliary and the president of the Navy Mothers Club, so I was pretty busy.

Then, after World War II was finished, the USO moved out of Boulder City. They had been using the building that had been the engineer's office for Camp Williston, which was an MP camp here in Boulder City. We had a thousand men stationed here in Boulder City. They were mostly men who did guard duty at the dam and also down in the prisoner-of-war camps, where they had brought prisoners of war from Germany and from Italy in the first part of the war. The boys that were in Camp Williston were trained especially for that kind of work and also as medics. There were—quite a few of them—conscientious objectors. That is, they didn't want to carry a gun in the war, but they did serve. We had, also, buildings that were Army buildings and the USO took over the building that had been the Army Engineers' building.

The USO had been administered by the Catholic Welfare Association in Boulder City. Some other areas were administered by different organizations, like the Salvation Army, or Jewish welfare, etc., but in Nevada, the USO's were administered by the Catholic Welfare Association. When the war was over and the USO left Boulder City, our Catholic priest here in Boulder City, Father John Ryan, prevailed on the Catholic Welfare Association of Nevada to underwrite the program of recreation and crafts for one more year for the townspeople.

Many of the people had taken some of the crafts classes that had been given to the soldier boys. The people had learned some of this craftwork, too. We combined the USO, the Teen-Age Club, and different things; they had the soldiers on Wednesdays and on

weekends, but on the other days of the week, they had the townspeople and the teenagers. So after the USO personnel left, they needed a director for the Teen-Age Club and I applied for the job for this season—I needed extra money to send one of my girls to college and also, I was interested and had taken some of the craft classes, so I knew how to handle it, and teach the craft classes.

We had craft classes for the little children on Saturday mornings and we taught them to make plaster of paris animals and woven pot holders, and they made button bracelets and did some shell work. Then, on Friday nights and sometimes Saturday nights, we had Teen-Age Club, and we would have either a party or a dance. During the week days, we held craft classes for the teenagers and the people in town. We did copper tooled pictures, shell jewelry, leather tooling. They could all do any of these other things like making lamp shades and different things like that. It kept our kids busy, our grownups making many beautiful presents for people, and it was quite a nice thing. We've always had a Teen-Age Club since then, but, of course, it hasn't been handled through Catholic Welfare. It's been handled by the Recreation Association and the people by season memberships. And there are no craft classes now.

Of course, we always have our Red Cross swimming program. We've done that every year in Boulder City since we've had a lake. However, since we have the swimming pool, we do some of it in the swimming pool and some at the lake. This is a cooperative thing done by the Recreation Association and the Red Cross. The Red Cross always furnishes the instructors. They have been Red Cross trained, so practically all kids in Boulder City, by the time they're eight years old, can swim pretty well, because nearly all of them sign up for the swimming classes.

MY HUSBAND'S POLITICAL CAREER

In 1954, the assemblyman from the Nelson Township District, who was Mr. Higgins of Boulder City, decided to run for Lieutenant Governor, instead of running for Assembly again. So, the Democratic Party decided they just simply had to have someone run for the Assembly, and they began trying to find somebody who would run who might have a chance of being elected. They began talking to the different men who were interested in the party, and among themselves, and they came up with the idea that Tom Godbey might be a pretty good one to run.

At this time, Mr. Godbey was a bit upset at the way the NIC was being handled for injured workmen in the state and felt that there should be something done about it. He also felt that there was especially some labor legislation that was needed. Having been a working man all his life, those were the things closest to his heart. Also, he was a veteran. Every session of the legislature, they tried to take away the veteran's tax exemption in the state, and we knew that they were going to try that again this particular session of

the legislature. Another thing that he was interested in was that he knew of several cases of men that had silicosis. They had contracted it when they worked for mines that were no longer working in the state of Nevada and, there, they had no way of tracing exactly where they had gotten it. But they were sick and couldn't work. So, these are the reasons that he did decide to run for Assemblyman.

The first time that he ran for the Assembly, his opponent was Chet Tyree, who was another Democrat. There was no Republican opponent. At this time, they ran countywide, at-large. It was the first time that we had ever tried to put on a campaign. Chet Tyree was a young man in the insurance business who was well-known in Boulder City and well-liked, too, so Mr. Godbey had a pretty hard campaign. Then, in 1956, he had no opponents, so it was a free ride. That was changed in 1958; the opponent was Jake Dielman, another Democrat. Here is something that is interesting to note. Both Chet Tyree and Jake Dielman, my husband's opponents, were from our same precinct. It's

something that is a little bit different, I think, to have an opponent in the same precinct. Anyway, Jake Dielman had been a working man, too. Therefore, although he was a contractor by this time, he had been a union man and the labor vote felt that he would be a good man.

Also in 1958, the right-to-work bill was having quite a play, the Nevada Citizens Committee, as anyone who is familiar with the right-to-work legislation knows, opposed union closed shop. They gave Mr. Dielman considerable funds and he ran a big campaign. The only thing that he ever said in his campaign was “the man with the crane,” “Jake, the man with the crane.” He had big signs with pictures of himself standing by a big crane. That was his campaign slogan. Well, anyway, he won the election, so he was in the Legislature in 1959.

The next time, in 1960, Mr. Dielman again opposed my husband in the primary. But Tom won the primary, and Alvin Wartman was his Republican opponent. Wartman had been county chairman of the Republican party.

Then, in 1962, my husband opposed Carl Weikel of Searchlight, a Republican. He seemed to have considerable campaign funds, too, from the Republican party and, I believe, also from the Cattlemen’s Association. That’s my opinion. I don’t actually know; I think so.

In 1964, my husband’s opponent was a Democrat, Elbert Edwards, in the primary. In the general it was Dale Brockett, a Republican. Both of the times—as when he ran against Carl Weikel—we had to wait about two days before we knew for certain which was elected, because it was so close. In the Searchlight area and Nelson, and those that came in from one or two mailing precincts, we had to wait until all of that was checked in by the county commissioners before we knew for sure.

In the first session of the Assembly, true to his word, my husband put the NIC commissioners on the carpet. Of course, he had a lot of help and plenty of know-how. Helping on this was Jimmy Ryan. He was the chairman of the Labor Committee that year. Jimmy, as you might know, is a real good talker and a parliamentarian and so, he really carried the ball. There was an investigation of the NIC. Before the session was over, the chairman, Mr. John Corey, and one other had been let out. They kept one elderly man for just a little while until he could get his pension.

My husband also got some legislation through so the men who had silicosis would receive compensation, even though they couldn’t prove which mine they had contracted it in. They had to get an appropriation from the general fund to cover this.

Later on (I don’t remember whether this was the ’57 session), the widows of the silicotics were cut off from any funds when their husbands died. This worked a hardship on many of them—something like twenty-six widows in the state. Mr. Godbey tried to get a bill through the Assembly to take care of these widows, to have special funds set aside to take care of them, just like he had had funds set aside out of the general funds to take care of their husbands. It was voted down, or, at least, the bill didn’t even get on the floor of the Assembly.

A little after the legislators had refused to give these widows any funds, there was another bill put in the legislature that the Supreme Court Justices’ widows would receive a pension, which, of course, would be taken out of the general fund. Tom felt that the Supreme Court Justices should have been able to provide for their widows, that they should have had enough foresight and everything

to get insurance or make some kind of an arrangement. He was still upset because these other widows were just destitute, so he put a rider or an amendment on this bill and killed the one for pensions for the Supreme Court Justices' widows. What he told them was that it didn't cost any more to keep one woman dressed and fed and warm than it did another woman, and he didn't see that there was much difference between them, except that the one group, the silicotics, was the ones that needed it a whole lot more. Although he didn't succeed in that session in getting his bill passed, he did the next.

Then the mining companies began to be interested, especially Kennecott Copper. Howard Gray, their attorney, was considered "Mr. Senate," because in the early days he sat right on the floor of the Senate and gave his advice on whether he wanted a bill passed or not. He said that it would break the copper company if they had silicosis as a compensatable disease or as in the NIC. This was at the time when Senator E. L. Cord was in the Senate. Senator Cord told Howard Gray that he felt awfully sorry for him and the copper company, but if the state couldn't afford it, he would give several thousands of dollars to start the fund, if the copper companies would match it. So, of course, that made the Senators feel a little bit low and they got the bill through and took care of Nevada's silicotics.

Another bill for the working man that Tom got through, was to make radiation a compensatable injury. This was under the NIC. He had a hard time doing this, too. They didn't want to do it. He found out later that there were quite a few areas throughout the state where men could have gotten injured with radiation without anybody even knowing it until quite a while later.

They asked him how he could figure—he set a figure that if it showed up within five years after the time of employment—that, because there wasn't much data that had been accumulated on radiation. He said he had come to that figure because of these men who were—all the Marines and all—out at Mercury at the test site in those initial cue tests in '58. Five years later a big majority of them had leukemia. They were sure that it was caused from radiation in those initial tests because on the first tests at the Nevada test site they just didn't know as well how to control them as they know at the present time, and those marines were very close to ground zero. There's not too much chance of a man getting it now, but so many men—prospectors and different ones—have worked in small mines where they may have radioactive material, which they didn't even know was radioactive, mixed with other ore.

He also got the Boulder bill passed, which pertains only to Boulder City, because Boulder City is a unique town within the state. In most towns, all the land is privately owned and therefore, it's sold from one person to another. But in Boulder City, the land belongs to the city because it was deeded to the city by the United States government. We wanted something that would give the city the right to use monies from the sale of land for capital improvements. Oftentimes in most other cities, capital improvements, of course, have to have elections and float bonds.

Throughout the time that Mr. Godbey's been in the legislature, we have noticed that the towns that have limited charters have to have most of their legislation worked out. Their citizens don't have the right to vote on certain issues, and, therefore, it has to be done in the legislature. It costs the state thousands and thousands of dollars every session to work

out these things that are just for each different little town, where if they had a charter—a general charter—they could have the people vote and take care of it themselves.

Mr. Godbey had worked on the permanent charter committee for Boulder City, and he tried to get things in the charter which would make it a general charter, rather than a special charter, like Henderson had, and even North Las Vegas and Las Vegas and many other towns in the state. So, in order to have the charter for Boulder City be one that would not conflict in any way with state laws, he talked to many of the people in town.

They had a temporary council at the time, too. These were an advisory committee that had been working still under the Bureau of Reclamation, but they were an advisory committee. He asked them to hire Russell McDonald, who is the bill drafter for the Legislature, to be the Attorney to draft the charter for Boulder City, so there would be no conflict with state laws. So, he was our charter attorney.

Another thing that we needed especially for Boulder City was solution for problems of ownerships. All the people, until we became a city in our own right, leased their land from the United States government and from the Bureau of Reclamation. No one owned the land on which their homes sat. Even though they had built the homes themselves, they paid so much a year for a land lease, which, we all felt, was just practically the same thing as taxes. We felt that it was real taxes, even though we didn't pay it to the state or to the county, because the Bureau of Reclamation and the United States government had given this \$300,000 to the state to cover this area. This was area that was in the Boulder City reservation.

Of course, for years, the residents of Boulder City who owned their own houses

were also charged tax on the appraised value of the lot lease, according to how much longer that lot lease had to run. Some only had ten-year lot leases. Well, as that ran out, it became less, because the lease would be paid out. Some had forty-nine-year lot leases and others had twenty-year lot leases and the like, so this amount varied.

My husband felt that it was a double taxation, and he got another bill into the Legislature. He went first to the Attorney General's office, and one of the Deputies there felt that it was double taxation, too, and he helped prepare this bill.

One reason that Tom felt that he had a good chance to get the bill passed was because this \$300,000 had been put into the general fund of the state, and someone was being delegated to go back to Washington, D. C. to try to get something more out of the government for another project here in the state, and they were going to get their funds out of the general fund. He felt that they very probably were using part of our \$300,000 to do something else with it. That was his argument before the senate and the assembly.

So he got the bill passed to make Boulder City residents exempt from this lot lease tax. But later, Harvey Dickerson made a decision which said that the bill was illegal. The reason that he did this, we are sure, is because his brother, George Dickerson, was the Clark County District Attorney and if Boulder was exempt for their leasehold tax, there was an area of public housing—I believe it was Wherry housing—for Nellis Air Base that would come under the same thing, and also some land that Union Pacific had leased. George Dickerson figured that there would be so much money that Clark County would lose—not that they'd lose very much from Boulder City, but they would lose from the other leaseholds that were being taxed, too. So

he prevailed on his brother to do this thing. That's our opinion of what happened. Harvey Dickerson said it wasn't legal. So, until we became a city of our own and could buy our land, we still paid taxes on our leaseholds.

We knew that the amount of land that Nevada Southern had set aside for a campus would definitely not be big enough for a football stadium and those kind of things. We also knew that the runway of the McCarran Field airport was being extended for jets, and this being very close to the Nevada Southern campus, the noise of the jets taking off would be rather annoying. We also knew that if they wanted to buy up any land around the campus, they would have to pay a very high price for it. There was considerable land available in the area around Las Vegas and some that was especially brought to Mr. Godbey's attention by a group that were studying for school lands, too, because the county was having to buy up so much land for new schools. There was some land up in the Charleston Heights area that was just raw land and they felt that they would be able to get it for between \$2.50 and \$6.00 an acre. A football stadium and a swimming pool and things like that could be built there—or even a whole campus, if they wanted to get away from the jet noises.

Mr. Godbey brought that to several of the legislators' attention. However, the Highway Department did have some gravel pits on this particular land. My husband got an option for the Regents to buy it at the figure that I mentioned and they had a couple of years to take up this option. That was the time between biennial legislatures; however, the Regents did nothing about it.

When he went up to the legislature the next year, he found out that nothing had been done to try to buy or to make any negotiations for the sale, so he managed to get an extension on the option of one more year. As far as

we know, the Regents never did make any attempt to secure this land. They could have secured that land and traded with other state agencies for it; like for a football stadium or a swimming pool or something. The highway department could still have taken out all of their gravel, because you need to have a hole there anyhow, for a stadium:

It's a known fact that all universities have to pay through the nose for land if they haven't been foresighted enough to get it while it's cheap.

My husband has always worked for equalization of taxes throughout the state, the same tax base and about the same criteria to go by for the appraisal for acreage and city lots and things. It's a known fact that for many, many years (and I don't believe they're even up to Clark county's standards, yet), that Washoe County's real property taxes were very low. They have now managed to get equalization of taxes on real property of most businesses and most residences.

He also feels strongly about the fact that the state spent money to have the Zubrow Report, which was a study of the tax structure of the state of Nevada; and the Legislature appropriated the money to have the report made. It was made by three economists. Zubrow was from the University of Colorado. They made a complete study and the book was published with state funds. And after it was published, some of the same men who had had the study made didn't like what they saw and so they decided not to use it! My husband has read it from "kiver to kiver" and he believes taxes should be paid by those that are capable of paying them, and that they should be in proportion to the ability to pay. The banks in the state have had a very favorable tax rate for years and years and years, and so have the mines, and, of course, the corporations. He feels that all

of these should have a study made and have their tax structure adjusted.

Another tax that many, many states have is a severance tax on ore. It means when materials are of the earth, that they belong originally to the public domain, were put there by the Almighty for the good of all the people and therefore, there should be not just some company coming in and taking out all of the profit and not paying enough taxes. Then it's completely gone, your natural resources are completely gone, period. He feels that especially now they should have this tax.

The copper companies feel that this would be just a tax on them, but it would definitely not be, because there are silicone sand deposits in the state that are of glass quality, and we do have quite a few gypsum plants and lime. Just recently we have a very large one that has been started in the Las Vegas area making plaster board, etc. Just a half a cent tax on a ton of gypsum would bring in a lot of money to the state and, say, two cents on a ton of copper. It surely wouldn't break the companies, but that would help the tax structure of the state.

It should be on oil, too, and we have oil. The geology of the Great Basin area of the state, which encompasses a large, large area, is of the type of ground and everything, where, in other states, they have found oil in large amounts. The thing is that if we don't get something like the severance tax enacted before oil is discovered, we won't ever get it afterwards—after it would go into production there would be a powerful lobby against this tax. So we should have something like this tax on the books before the oil industry gets a good start in Nevada.

Alaska, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas and other states do have this type of tax. Of course, there it is figured on maybe so many mills per

barrel of oil and gas that are released from ole' Mother Earth.

Mr. Godbey also feels that the people are already paying as much as they can in the way of sales tax. He definitely will never vote for a raise in the sales tax, because even though the sales tax was originally put on supposedly to take care of the schools, it does not raise anywhere near enough money to take care of them. If they put every bit of it into that fund, they would still have to get most of their school monies from other sources. He's always worked for more better wages for the working man. He has worked for the minimum wage law for both men and women in the state of Nevada.

Each session Mr. Godbey tries to get just a little bit higher payments to the injured workmen through the NIC, for the reason that the price of living goes up every year—enough so that what they've had the year before simply is not enough to do the job that it's supposed to do.

Nearly every session, of course, he is on the Veterans Affairs Committee. He has always worked to keep the \$1,000 tax exemption for veterans. It might be interesting to understand the thinking behind the reason Nevada has this. Nevada was one state after World War I who did not pay a veteran's bonus. They felt that there weren't so very many veterans, and if they just let them have tax exemption, it wouldn't cause too much of a hardship on the state. Of course, in recent years, especially since there's been so many different government and military installations in the state, we have had a large number of veterans come into the state. Of course, all these veterans, when they got a home or a car had this veterans' exemption.

So, then they decided they would have a different tax worked out, whereby a veteran

should take an exemption only on his real estate. They figured then that those that just had a car might not get it and the widows might not, but that wasn't the way most of the legislators had it in mind. Some of them had it in mind and they figured it would work that way. They were fairly slick.

My husband felt at the time that that was what they had in mind, but he couldn't get a ruling on it. When he asked for the ruling, Charles Springer was acting Attorney General after Roger Foley was made U. S. Circuit Judge. He wrote a letter to Springer, but Springer says he never got it. As a legislator, Mr. Godbey had a right to ask for an opinion and get one from the Attorney General. The idea was to make it easier—one of the ideas—for everybody to get his automobile license without having to appear in person and to make the automobile licenses throughout the state uniform, according to the car you had, rather than having them different in each county. But, when it finally went through, it was interpreted by the different county assessors, that those people that only owned cars—widows, and veterans—that it didn't apply. But we did finally get a ruling on that it does apply. However, these widows and veterans have to apply in person for it and have a card validated and get their licenses for their cars in person.

Another thing that he felt was fair was a change in the veterans exemption law. It set a deadline so as to keep newcomers into the state who were veterans, that had not been veterans from Nevada from applying for the veterans' exemption. Also, anyone had to live in the state three years before they could apply for it. He felt that that would be good, because it was fair. However, he also put an amendment on the bill, that any veteran who had been inducted from the state of Nevada,

whenever he came back to Nevada could apply, even though it was after this deadline, because he was a bona fide resident of the state of Nevada. So, Nevada allows this tax exemption in lieu of paying a bonus, either after World War I or World War II, Korean and now Vietnam.

Mr. Godbey does talk to lobbyists in the hall, but he feels that lobbyists should be in a room by themselves. When the legislature needs information, the legislators could ask them for information, instead of being accosted even when they're going to the men's room or getting a drink of water or putting in a telephone call or answering one. This is his opinion. He feels that lobbyists have pertinent information on bills that the legislators might not otherwise receive, but he doesn't feel that the legislators should be constantly accosted by lobbyists and stopped wherever they are—in the grocery store or any other place. They say that he's the hardest man to lobby in Carson City, because he doesn't like it.

I believe that he reads more of the information that is sent out by the different study groups, like the welfare and the schools, than most of the legislators do. I save it for him for the weekend, and he always takes it with him to work and reads it at night when he doesn't have too much interference when he's working at the Test Site. He really reads all the reports from the state agencies quite thoroughly.

CONCLUSION

Both Mr. Godbey and myself believe in living from day to day and doing what we can. We feel that we love our fellow man. I believe that you could put us both in the category of Abou Ben Adhem. We're not great church-goers; however, our children have all been baptized in Grace Community Church in Boulder City. Our grandchildren all go to church and we go when we don't have too many other irons on the fire on the weekend. But, I believe that when you say, 'The Godbeys' love their fellow man,' you have it all.

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